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POETRY

The Single Head of Wheat.

All my daily tasks were ended,
And the dusk of night had come,
Bringing rest to weary spirits,
Calling many wanderers home;
He that goeth forth and reapeth
Bringing golden grains of wheat,
Shall return again rejoicing
Laden with the harvest sweet.

This I read and deeply pondered,
What of seeds my hands had sown,
What of harvest I was reaping,
To be laid before the throne,
While my thoughts were wildly glancing
O'er the path my feet had trod,
Sleep sealed up my weary eyelids,
And a vision came from God.

In the world's great field of labor,
All the reapers' tasks were done,
Each one hastened to the Master
With the sheaves that he had won.
Some with sheaves so poor and scanty
Sadly told the numbers o'er,
Others staggered 'neath the burden
Of the golden grain they bore.

Gladly then the peary gateways
Opened wide to let them in,
And they sought the Master's presence,
With their burdens on their skin.
Slowly, sadly, with the reapers
Who had labored long and late,
Came I at the Master's bidding,
And was latest at the gate.

Then, apart from all the others,
Weeping bitterly, I stood;
I had toiled from early morning,
Working for the others' good;
When one friend had fallen fainting,
By his pail of golden grain,
With a glass of cooling water,
I revived his strength again.

And another, worn and weary,
I had aided for awhile,
Till her failing strength renewed
She went forward with a smile.
Thus the others I had aided
While the golden moments fled,
Till the day was spent, and evening
On the earth her tapers shed.

And I to the Master's presence
Came with weary, toiled feet,
Bringing as my gathered harvest,
But a single head of wheat.
So with fearful eyes I gazed,
As with faces glad and bright,
One by one they laid their burdens
Down before the throne of light.

Ah! how sweetly then the blessings
Sounded to my listening ear:
Nobly done, my faithful servants,
Beet now in your mansions here.
Then I thought with keenest sorrow
Words like these are not for me,
Only those with heavy burdens
Heavenly rest and glory see.

Yet I love the Master truly,
And I've labored hard since dawn,
But I have no heavy burden—
Will he bid me to be slain?
While I questioned thus in sadness
Christ, the Master, called for me;
And I knelt before him saying:
I have only this for thee.

I have labored hard, O Master!
I have toiled from noon till night,
But I sought to aid my neighbors
And to make the r' labor light.
So the day has passed unnoticed,
And to-night with shame I come,
Bringing, as my gathered harvest,
But a single wheat head home.

Then I laid it down, with weeping,
At his blessed, precious feet;
And he smiled upon my trembling,
Oh! that smile was passing sweet.
Child, it is enough, he answered;
All I asked for thou hast brought,
And among the heavy burdens
Truly, bravely, hast thou wrought.

This was thine appointed mission,
Well hast thou performed thy task,
Have no fears that I will chide thee,
This is all that I can ask.
Then I woke, but others gathered
In my heart I pondered o'er,
While I tried to see that meaning
Hidden in the hope it bore.

And, at length, its lessons slowly
Dawned upon my wandering mind,
Never care who others gather,
Do what'er thy hands can find,
If it be thy lotted mission
Thus to serve the reapers' band,
And the evening finds thee weary
With an empty, sheafless hand.

Let the heart be never troubled;
Faithfully fulfill thy task,
Have no fear that He will chide thee,
Heavy sheaves He will not ask.

GEORGINA HAINES,
MARY EBBAS.

STORY TELLER.

DELIA'S REWARD.

"It was a scandal," the neighbors said, "that Miss Delia should be obliged to take boarders, after all she'd been through; and heaven knows boarders did not help a body to work out her salvation. And so much money in the family, too, taking it by small and large. Wasn't her Uncle Eben, over at Dover, well-to-do, and not a chick of his own to care for, except the boy he had adopted, who was no credit to him? It was odd, now, that a man with relations should take to a stranger when his own flesh and blood was needy; but sometimes it does seem as if folks had more feeling for others than for their own kin and kin. Then there were cousins in the city, forehanded and fashionable, who were never worth a row of pins to Delia, and there was her great-uncle John's widow a-larking on the continent, a-gaming at Baden-Baden, and trying the waters of every mineral spring in the three kingdoms, for no disease under the sun but old age. She'd been known to say that 'her folks were too rich already, and probably she would en-

dow some hospital with her property." Plainly, wealthy relatives were of no value to Miss Delia. To be sure, she had never seen her great-uncle John since she was a child, when her Uncle John had brought her into their simple life for a month's visit with her French maid and dresses, her jewels and fallals, which won the heart of her namesake. Since then Uncle John's widow has become sort of a gilded creation, always young and beautiful; for, though Delia had received little gifts from time to time across the seas for the last fifteen years, she had neither heard nor seen any thing of the being who had inspired her youthful imagination, and was quite uncertain if such a person as Mrs. John Rogerson was in the land of the living. Dead or alive, she seemed to have made no material difference to Delia's humdrum life. After having nursed her father through a long sickness, Delia found that he had left a heavy mortgage on the homestead, and her mother and herself on the high road to the poorhouse, unless they should bestir themselves. As her mother was already bedridden, the stirring naturally fell upon Delia, and she advertised for summer boarders:

"Good board in the country, by the river-side, at seven dollars a week. Large chambers, broad piazzas, fine views, berries, and new milk. One mile from the station."

"Address DELIA ROGERSON,
"Croftsbrough, Maine."

"Cheap enough!" commented an elderly lady, who happened upon it. "Delia Rogerson—an old maid, I suppose, obliged to look out for herself. I've a good mind to try her broad piazzas and new milk. If I don't like it there'll be no harm done."

And so Delia's first boarder arrived—an old lady with false front hair, brown wrinkled skin, faded eyes, a black alpaca gown, and a hair trunk. Delia made her as welcome as if she had been a duchess; lighted a wood fire in Mrs. Clement's room, as the night was damp, and brought out her daintiest cup and saucer, with the fadest old roses wreathing them.

"Wonderful kind," reflected Mrs. Clement, as she combed out her wisps of gray hair and confided the false front to a box. "Wonderful kindness for seven dollars a week! She's new to the trade. She'll learn better. Human nature doesn't change with latitudes. She'll find it doesn't pay to consider the comfort of a poverty-stricken old creature."

But in spite of her worldly wisdom Mrs. Clement was forced to confess that Delia had begun as she meant to hold out, though other boarders came to demand her attention, to multiply her cares. The fret and jar of conflicting temperaments under her roof was a new experience to Delia. When Mrs. Gresome complained of the mosquitoes, with an air as if Miss Rogerson were responsible for their creation; of the flies, as if they were new acquaintances; of want of appetite, as though Delia had agreed to supply it, along with berries and new milk; of the weather, as if she had pledged herself there would be no sudden changes to annoy her boarders; of the shabby house and antiquated furniture, "too old for comfort and not old enough for fashion"—then Delia doubted if taking boarders was her mission.

"What makes you keep us, my dear?" asked Mrs. Clement, after a day when everything and everybody had seemed to go wrong. "Why didn't you ever marry? You had a lover, I dare say?"

"Yes; a long time ago."
"Tell me about him—it?"
"There isn't much to tell. He asked me to marry him. He was going to Australia. I couldn't leave father and mother, you know (they were both feeble), and he couldn't stay here. That's all."
"And you—?"
"Now all men besides are to me like shadows."

"And have you never heard of him since?"

"Yes. He wrote; but where was the use? It could never come to anything. It was better for him to forget me and marry. I was a millstone about his neck. I didn't answer his letter."

"And supposing he should return some day, would you marry him?"

"I dare say," laughed Delia, gently, as if the idea were familiar, "let the neighbors laugh ever so wisely. I've thought of it sometimes, sitting alone, when the world was barren and common-place. One must have recreation of some kind, you know. Everybody requires a little romance,

a little poetry, to flavor every-day thinking and doing. I'm afraid you think me a silly old maid, Mrs. Clement."

"No. The heart never grows old. The skin shrivels, the color departs, the eyes fade, the features grow pinched; but the soul is heir of eternal youth—it is as beautiful at fourscore as at sweet one and twenty."

Time makes amends for the ravages of the body by developing the spirit. You didn't tell me your lover's name. Perhaps you would rather not."

"His name was Stephen Langdon. Sometimes Captain Seymour runs against him in Melbourne, and brings me word how he looks and what he is doing; though I never ask, and Stephen never asks for me, that I can hear."

Delia's summer boarders were not a success, to be sure. If they took no money out of her pocket, they put none in. She was obliged to eke out her support with copying for Lawyer Dunmore and embroidering for Mrs. Judge Dorr. One by one her boarders dropped away like the autumn leaves; all but old Mrs. Clement.

"I believe I will stay on," she said. "I'm getting too old to move often. Perhaps you take winter boarders at reduced rates. Eh?"

"Do you think my terms high?"

"By no means. But when one's purse is low—"

"Yes. I know. Do stay at your price. I can't spare you." She had grown such a fondness for the old lady that to refuse her at her own terms would have seemed like turning her own mother out of doors; besides, one month more would not signify.

But she found it hard to make both ends meet, and often went to bed hungry that her mother and Mrs. Clement might enjoy enough, without there appearing to be "just a patern."

At Christmas, however, came a ray of sunshine for Delia, in the shape of a hundred dollar bill from an unknown friend.

"It can't be meant for me," she cried.

"It's directed to Delia Rogerson," said her mother; "and there's nobody else of that name, now that your Aunt Delia's dead."

"We are not sure she's dead," objected Delia.

"Horror! Don't you know whether your own aunt is dead or alive?" asked Mrs. Clement, in a shocked tone.

"It isn't our fault. She is rich and lives abroad. I was named for her. I used to look in the glass and try to believe I'd inherit her beauty with the name, though she was only our great-uncle's wife."

"She ought to be doing something for you."

"How can she if she's dead? I don't blame her, anyway. Her money is her own, to use according to her pleasure. Uncle John made it himself, and gave it to her."

"But if she should come back to you, having run through with it, you'd divide your last crust with her, I'll be bound."

"I suppose I should," replied Delia.

The winter wore away as winters will, and the miracles of spring began in fields and wayside; and Delia's boarders returned with the June roses, and dropped away again with the falling leaves, and still Mrs. Clement stayed on and on. Just now she had been some weeks in arrears with her reduced board. No money had been forthcoming for some time, and she was growing more feeble daily, needed the luxuries of an invalid and the attention of a nurse, both of which Delia bestowed upon her, without taking thought for the morrow.

"I must hear from my man-of-business to-morrow, Delia; I'm knee-deep in debt to you," she began one night.

"Don't mention it," cried Delia. "I'd rather never see a cent of it than have you take it to heart. You are welcome to stay and share pot-luck with us; you are such company for mother and me."

"Thank you, my dear. I've grown as fond of you as if you were my own flesh and blood. There, turn down the light, please. Draw the curtain, dear, and put another stick on the fire, please. It grows chilly, doesn't it? You might kiss me just once, if you wouldn't mind. It's a hundred years or so since any one kissed me."

And the next morning, when Delia carried up Mrs. Clement's breakfast, her boarder lay cold and still upon the pillows.

The first shock over, Delia wrote to the lawyer of whom she had heard Mrs. Clement speak as having charge of her affairs, begging him to notify

that lady's relatives, if she had any. In reply Mr. Willis wrote:

"The late Mrs. Clement appears to have no near relatives. Some distant cousins, who have an abundance of this world's goods, yet served her shabbily when she needed their generosity, as she has tried yours, are all that remain of her family. In the meantime I inclose you a copy of her last will and testament, to peruse at your leisure."

"What interest does he think I take in Mrs. Clement's will," thought Delia; but read, nevertheless:

"Being of sound mind, this 16th day of June, 18—, I Delia Rogerson Clement, do hereby leave one hundred dollars to each of my cousins; and I bequeath the residue of my property—viz., thirty thousand dollars invested in the Ingot Mining Company, fifty thousand dollars in United States bonds, twenty thousand in Fortune Plannel mills, and my jewels, to the beloved niece of my first husband, John Rogerson, Delia Rogerson, of Croftsbrough, Maine."

"For I was a stranger, and ye took me in, hungry, and ye fed me; sick, and ye ministered unto me,"

"Goodness alive!" cried the neighbors, when the facts reached their ears. "What a profitable thing it is to take boarders! Of course Steve Langdon will come and marry her, if she were forty old maids. You may stick a pin in there!"

Delia did not open her house to boarders the next season. She found enough to do in looking after her money and spending it, in replying to letters which seemed to increase alarmingly; in receiving old friends, who suddenly found time to remember her existence. And, sure enough, among the rest appeared Steve Langdon, and all the village said, "I told you so."

"It's not my fault that you and I are single yet, Delia," he said.

"And we are too old to think of it now, Steve."

"Nonsense! It's never too late to mend. I'm not rich, Delia, but I've enough for two and to spare."

"I wouldn't be contented not to drive in my carriage and have servants under me now," laughed Delia.

"Indeed! Then perhaps you have a better match in view, Captain Seymour asked me, by the way, if I had come to interfere with Squire Jones' interest."

"Yes. Squire Jones proposed to me last week."

"Now see here, Delia, have I come all the way from Melbourne on a fool's errand? There I was growing used to my misery and loneliness, when the mail brings in a letter in a strange hand, which tells me that my dear love, Delia Rogerson, loves and dreams of me still, is poor and alone, and needs me—me! And the letter is signed by her aunt, Mrs. Clement, who ought to know. I packed my household goods and came."

"I'm glad that you did."

"In order that I may congratulate Squire Jones?"

"But I haven't accepted him. In fact I've refused him—because—"

"Because you will marry your old love, like the lass in the song, Delia?"

"In Croftsbrough, people are not yet tired of telling how a woman made money by taking boarders."

Two Interesting Letters.

WHEELING, WEST VIRGINIA,
Monday, Jan. 16, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—I am now sojourning with Geo. W. Stunroe, Esq., a deaf-mute venerable gentleman, who formerly attended the Philadelphia school during the principality of the late Lewis Weld, of whom he still speaks very highly. He is surrounded by an affectionate family and kind relatives. His wife, formerly Miss Lizzie Ann McClurg, of Pittsburgh, Pa., was once an inmate of that school.

You will learn by this letter that there was a deaf-mute service in St. Matthews' church last night, the Rev. R. R. Swope, formerly of Cleveland, Ohio, and this writer officiating before a good congregation, considering a heavy rain.

Among those who contributed towards the support of the work which this missionary is fully commissioned to do, two silver coins which had been put on the eyes of a girl, thirteen years old who died a few days ago, were handed to the rector by her parents in deep mourning for the work. She was their only child. She was a regular member of the church. I intend keeping the coins in my pocket book as a memento during my missionary journeyings. Her father

is Superintendent of the Sunday school.

At the close of the service, I had the pleasure of meeting in the body of the church, Miss Emma Robinson, Messrs. Frederick Vogt and William Halpin, all deaf-mutes, Mrs. Col. White, a speaking lady, once a teacher in the West Virginia Institution, at Romney, Mr. and Mrs. Osborn, whose deaf-mute daughter is attending that Institution, and Mrs. Adams, who has also a daughter at the same school. I regretted to learn that three deaf-mute men could not attend the service on account of their being ragged. Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod found it impossible to be present on account of the creek being high and unpassable.

Mrs. Col. White, last summer had the misfortune of losing one of her interesting daughters very suddenly by death. She and her sister were, I think, crossing a railroad track, when all of a sudden a train appeared. A noble hearted gentleman, the Rev. Mr. Loftus, saw their great danger of being run over by the train, and was badly injured by the train in his efforts to rescue them. He saved one, but the other was instantly killed by the train. Mr. Loftus is still suffering, and Rev. Mr. Fair, whom he saved from being killed on the railroad in Europe some years ago, is nursing him in Baltimore in return for the service he rendered him. They were both traveling in Europe then.

Yesterday afternoon, while I was walking over the wire suspension bridge to call on some deaf-mutes on the Ohio side of the river, I threw a counterfeit half-dime from the middle of the bridge into the water where it sank to the bottom never to be repass on anybody again. I took it, not knowing it was spurious, and determined not to pass it any more, because I always try to keep my conscience clear, which was the reason why I sank the dime to the bottom of the Grand Ohio River.

I called on Mr. and Mrs. Osborn and had a pleasant conversation. At their house I met Miss Emma Robinson, a semi-mute. She can talk pretty well. I do not know how or where she learned articulation. She told me that there were two deaf-mute men living in her neighborhood. One of them is hired to haul coal, and her father gets his wages from him for strong drinks. The deaf-mute is in a pitiable condition. He could not come to my services three times, on account of his being badly dressed. He was a member of the Ohio Institution. I was informed that Mr. Fay, while principal of that institution, sent for him several times but his father kept him at home for want of money.

Mr. or Mrs. Osborn has my heart felt sympathy in their sad bereavement. They lost by diphtheria one of their children, in the person of a bright speaking girl a few weeks ago. I bid good bye to my good friends, Mr. and Mrs. Steenrod this afternoon. They are blessed with an interesting grandson. No wonder he is quite a great comfort to them, and he will, if his life is spared, make them happy in their old age.

I think it proper to enclose you a copy of my sermon which was last night read at the church while I delivered it in signs from memory.

"Thou shalt not curse the deaf."—Lev. 19:14.

When the magnificent design of creation was about complete, man was introduced to finish the symmetry of animate creation. Man, the highest order of the created, endowed with gifts superior to all beings was made a responsible being. The estate of entire innocence was not preserved. Man lost the inestimable privilege of Godly intercourse, and fell far below the plane of his original standing. By man's fall, sin entered into the world; and further, a standing rebuke to man's inconsistency, he was made a creature subject to sufferings and his bodily structure lost its symmetry.

In the fall, a hope of redemption was given. The promise of a saviour was made. A Saviour who would be mighty to take away sin, and restore to perfect humanity all who had been so marked. And here it may be entirely competent to consider that among the misfortunes resulting from man's disobedience and fall, deaf-mutes were so created, not for their own disadvantage, but for a wise purpose, and blessed be God they are saved from much trial upon the ears of those who have free possession of the powers of the faculty of hearing.

The biblical injunction is "Thou shalt not curse the deaf." Curse here may mean despise, maltreat, speak hurtfully of and oppress. When we consider what blessings and great privileges are vouchsafed to the deaf-mutes, we must recognize the guidance and special direction of Christianity. For under heaven rule and dominion, the deaf and dumb were adjudged as outcast, and were accorded no privileges whatever. Well might we judge them the condition of the mutes as most deplorable and inane.

The patient care, whole hearted sympathy genuine christianlike love of the early masters of the deaf-mute cause, and others, opened a world of light divine and usefulness. Inspired by motives awakened by the power of the Gospel, these men made life a joy, the eye to supply the innate powers of the ears and fingers to rejoice in the offices of the speechless tongue. The deaf-mute to whom the world was a foretime a wondrous show, and a strange sphere, is now a worker, a participator in most of its employments and enjoyments. The gospel truth moved hand and hand with the progress

of deaf-mute education, and men learned the old.

The enlightenment of the deaf and dumb and the world of thought in which they move, become, as with others, a source of distraction, and they prove to be unmindful of the blessed Gospel, that saviour of their amelioration. Godly men moved with a desire for the preservation of the religious training inseparably connected with their education have sought, and are still striving to furnish, those away from the regular opportunity of religious worship, means to have the precious truths of the gospel ministered into them at stated periods, and for that end the formation of the Church Mission to Deaf-Mutes was a matter of vital importance, having as its aim the drawing into the fold of Divine grace all such as "miserably out of divine admonition, be tempted to enter into the giddy whirl of a sin-enticing world. While their opportunities of religious worship are the chief end, the Church Mission seeks, as a sister virtue, the bestowal of well directed charity to all worthy of aid and help.

The work committed to those who have consecrated themselves as missionaries among the deaf is neither easy nor enticing in a worldly point of view. Privations often must be endured. Travel and care, and weariness must often be borne. In many ways sacrifices must be made contact with much suffering and sorrow is almost a rule. The heart melts with many appeals to the coming of the Lord, shall receive a crown that fadeeth not away.

Now to God, the Father, God, the Son, and God, the Holy Ghost, be ascribed as is most justly due, all praise, power, might, majesty and dominion, henceforth and forever. Amen.

I will let you know my appointments for this month, as follows:

Fredericksburg, Va. . . . Jan. 22d
Danville, Va. 25th
Athens, Georgia 29th.

I must say good morning, as I am about leaving this place.

PITTSBURG, PENN.,
Tuesday Jan. 17, 1882.

DEAR MR. HODGSON:—Last night, I came here from Wheeling, West Va., not only to visit my well tried friends Mr. and Mrs. Thomas J. McClung, but also to rest a day or two before taking another long trip.

I met a gentleman on the train between Wheeling and this place, who told me by spelling on his fingers, that his wife had a brother and sister both deaf and dumb, living in Columbus, O., and that their names were Mr. and Miss Neil. I had pleasant sign chats with him.

To-day I went to Turtle Creek, a pretty village twelve miles from this place, and visited the Western Pennsylvania Institution for deaf-mutes for about four hours. My visit did me much good. I found a very pleasant gentleman in Mr. John A. McWhorter the principal. I took Prof. Ballis by surprise, and we shook each other hard by the hand. He was once principal of the school for Colored deaf-mutes in Baltimore, but now he is teaching in the institution. He told me that Mr. McWhorter was formerly his teacher in Wisconsin. He was commissioned by the principal to show me his classes, which he very kindly did to my great pleasure. Through him, I made the acquaintance of the teachers, Mr. Teegarden, Misses Jenkins, Boyer, Roup and Kirkland, all fine ladies.

After visiting the classes, I sat down in a large rocking-chair and enjoyed chatting with the principal on various subjects about two hours. He has been principal of the Wisconsin and Louisiana Institutions, and is now the first principal of the institution at Turtle Creek. His predecessor was acting principal, Mr. James H. Logan, a dealer in objects and microscopical supplies, spectacles and optical goods, and medical, microscopical and natural history books in this city. It is a pity that he has sunk from the honorable position which he lately occupied to his present trade. He is a smart fellow. He edited the *Rain-drop* for deaf-mutes well, but it has been placed upon the shelf. I hope for the present. It was a good monthly miscellany of entertaining reading for deaf-mutes, to whose use it was well adapted.

Mr. McWhorter, said to me that a little black boy was the cause of the establishment of the institution at Turtle Creek. I will say how it was brought about. It was truly Providential. About eight years ago, that colored boy entered a Sabbath school of his own accord. The superintendent of the school, named Mr. Kerr, saw and found him deaf and dumb. In a week or two, he found a white deaf-mute boy and took him into the school, but the number was sometime afterwards raised to twenty-two, when Mr. Kerr engaged the service of a teacher who understood the sign language, for his silent Sunday scho-

lars. The teacher catechized them in the school every Sunday till the Rev. Dr. Brown, now President of the Board of Trustees of the institution, as soon as he was informed of their condition, became so much interested, that he established a day school for their benefit in Pittsburgh, which has since given rise to the establishment of the institution at Turtle Creek, which took place in 1875. The Institution has become a State institution. They have received a lot of ten acres as a present at Wilkinsburg, Pa., about seven miles east of this place, and are going to build a nice edifice large enough to accommodate about three hundred souls—officers, pupils and servants. I am informed that it will be completed in about three years. The lot, I yesterday passed, is eligible, and will make a desirable place. Mr. McWhorter is now trying to get about twenty thousand dollars for the building subscription, though the legislature has passed a bill appropriating sixty thousand for it. He has succeeded in receiving one-half of the twenty thousand dollars, and will get the balance without difficulty. He says that the new building, when finished, will be able to admit about two hundred deaf-mutes without any trouble. He has a good corps of teachers—two gentlemen and three ladies, well qualified for the places they are now occupying.

He kindly presented me with a copy of the *American Annals for the Deaf and Dumb*, for January, 1882, a quarterly miscellany. I think this a superior number, because it contains a complete tabular statement of the institutions for the deaf and dumb of the world. The editor, however, does not say the exact numbers of the schools. I have, therefore, had to count them up for the *DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL*. I find that there are four hundred and thirty-two institutions (432) in the world—there being 377 in Europe and 55 in the United States. Germany has more deaf-mute scholars than any other in Europe, and New York has more than any other State in the United States. Germany having ninety, and New York seven.

Mr. McWhorter has about 104 pupils under his charge.

Mr. James C. Ballis, one of the teachers, took pains to make my visit pleasant.

The Institution is so full from cellar to attic, that the teachers have to board out. Two of the lady teachers have to travel eight miles to and from the institution by rail every morning and evening. I accompanied the two ladies, Misses Boyer and Roup, as far as their stopping station, had nice sign chats with them on the train, and found them both amiable and intelligent young ladies. Miss Boyer has been a teacher five years, and and other three. I gladly met Miss Jennie Jenkins again. I saw her at the Convention in Columbus, Ohio, about four years ago. She was giving her class examples on the sub-junctive mood. Mr. Teegarden, a graduate of the college, has the highest class, and Miss Boyer the next.

In my Wheeling letter, I should have told you as follows:

Last Saturday I called on Mr. O. D. Cook, formerly a teacher in the New York and West Virginia Institutions. At my request, he introduced me to His Excellency, Governor Jackson, of West Virginia. It was only a formal introduction. Mr. Cooke was doing well in his dignified appearance.

In the same letter I should have mentioned a surprising incident during our going up the Ohio River on the steamer "Sidney."

After the barber had shaven me nicely, as if he was in his own shop, considering the motions of the boat, he asked me for a pencil with which he wrote on a piece of paper, asking me the following question: "Do you remember when I was a little boy, I used to drive your cow out of pasture for you? It surprised me not a little, and I soon recognized him. He is making his living as a barber well and independently."

I must now bring this scrawl to a close, as I leave to-night to wheel about five hundred miles to fill my appointment for next Sunday.

Yours sincerely,
JOE TURNER.

Every day a little self denial. The thing that is difficult to do to-day will be an easy thing to do three hundred and sixty-five days hence, if each day it shall have been repeated. What power of self mastery shall he enjoy who, looking to God for grace, seeks every day to practice the grace he prays for!

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL

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E. A. HODGSON, Editor.

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Now that the nights are long and the days short, there is at the disposal of almost every one of our readers a great deal of leisure time. We refer to the interval between work and retiring for the night. Probably many of you who read this utilize this otherwise unoccupied time in reading or study. But there are some who do not. To these individuals we would like to present a little advice. The time which you are neglecting to utilize is of inestimable importance to you. It is the golden opportunity whereby you can store up information that will benefit you as long as you live. To study a little every evening would profit you greatly and would be a diversion rather than an effort. But disregarding the pleasure to be derived from a little study or reading, look at the great good and possibly future happiness it will bring. Every man enjoys himself according to his intellectual capacity to appreciate what he reads, and the more he reads the greater will be his powers of appreciation, because of the knowledge to be obtained from reading. There is no necessity to feel tied down to the mere routine of study or reading after work is finished, but it is quite important that such a habit be formed and cultivated. We have noticed that some of our young men are in the habit of dressing up in their best every evening and then going to some corner to loaf and, as they suppose, be admired by the people who may pass them by. There is no more reprehensible practice than this. A newspaper or a book at home, or a quiet conversation with a friend would be far better. No intelligent person, male or female, admires a corner loafer, no matter how well dressed he may be. But three or four of such fellows are to be met with often when the nights are not too cold. You can see them flaunting their little canes and loud neckties under the glare of the gas-light. They think their shoddy finery will make people believe that there is untold wealth in reserve. If any one should be so deceived by outward appearances, let him step into the little crowd and ask for the loan of fifty cents. He will be told that they have not got it, and nine times out of ten that will be the truth. Such fellows generally have about as much money in their pockets as they have brains in their heads. Far better would it be for them if they had found a better use for their leisure hours. Readers, we do not believe that any of you are corner loafers. We point to this as an example of what it is possible to become by neglecting to utilize your spare moments to improve. Treasure up the opportunities for intellectual improvement, and do not fail to take advantage of the long winter evenings to secure that knowledge which will bring you happiness in time to come.

The extraordinary number of items in this issue has compelled us to leave over to two or three very interesting letters until next week. While thus apologizing to the writers of said letters, we congratulate our readers on the vast quantity of news which we are able to present them. It is more than gratifying to see the rapid strides forward which the deaf-mutes are making, for the surest index of their prosperity is the activity which is recorded in their chosen newspaper. We pride ourselves upon the truthful reports which are printed in the JOURNAL. The mute who reads it gets facts, and not distorted and untruthful exaggerations. Our subscription list is becoming larger and larger, and before January, 1893, we hope to see the JOURNAL in 5,000 deaf-mute homes.

ITEMIZER.

FACTS RELATING TO DEAF-MUTES FROM ALL PARTS OF THE WORLD.

News From Every State in the Union.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with items for this column. Mark items to be sent: *The Itemizer*.

Messrs. Koehler and Allabough enjoyed a treat of Christmas pot-pie at the Quaker City.

"Bella L.," "Keystone" and "Violet," supported each other at roller skating the other day.

Mr. Allabough, of Norristown, Pa., spent the holidays in Philadelphia and returned to Kendall Green happy.

Mr. Harry Frey won a fat turkey at a shooting match and presented it to Mrs. Girardin on Christmas.

G. E. Conold has left the Ohio School. If he had stayed till the end of the term he would have graduated.

An Ohio correspondent wants to know where Fred Mettenberger is. He was last seen in Cleveland, O., and is probably there now.

Miss Sarah Buxton was recently tendered a surprise party at her elegant residence in Hamburg, N. Y., by her many Buffalo friends.

Mr. John Breen, of Cincinnati, arrived at London, Canada, and obtained a good position in the shoe factory, but he said he will not settle down. He is a nice fellow, but very wild.

Mr. and Mrs. Girardin, of Buffalo, received each an elegant silver napkin ring on Christmas, from a graduate of Fanwood, and also received several calls on New Year's.

Messrs. Morrow, Reed, and others made Philadelphia such a flying visit that the curious ones thereabouts had hardly time to "just ketch a look at them college fellows."

Many of the Pennsylvania readers were quietly waiting for the "Sweet by and by," when they should find who "Defender" is; but now that he has appeared again they are enquiring "Is the gentleman anonymous, is he a great unknown?"

Out of a population of nearly 5000, Red Bank, N. J., has but two deaf persons, both semi-mutes. They are Mrs. Eva M. Brown, (see Reed) who was left deaf at 12 years of age, and Alex. L. Pach, who is now a pupil of the New York Institution, who became deaf at 17.

A subscriber says: "We always knew you never would do anything without a little coaxing 'Bella L.," but why, Oh, why do you persist in denying us the pleasure of seeing you in print? We don't wonder now that Moore and Herrick wrote those numerous 'lines to Julia.'"

J. C. Wheeler, of Vincennes, Ind., writes:—"Having been away from home for the past two months, I have not reported any news from the Old Post. All the deaf-mutes around here have left for the winter. Will answer a 'College Student.' I am going just as soon as Al Berg gets through with his studies."

Miss Luella Little, of Concord, Pa., and an intelligent graduate of the Pennsylvania Institution has been visiting Philadelphia with her friend Mrs. Siffer, nee Hammell. Her old friends were glad to see Miss Chatterbox once more, and all the old school pranks and scrapes were gone over again.

Mr. Clarence W. Webster harnessed himself to a young hearing lady on the 20th ult., and took a wedding trip to Chicago. He received from Mr. Taylor W. Gelsinger a set of elegant furniture, worth about one hundred dollars. Taylor was the only mute that attended the wedding.

Edwin D. Knapp of 84 Grove street, was one of the jurors summoned on Judge McAdams' panel in Part I of the Marine Court of New York City. He swore to an affidavit that he was deaf, dumb and blind, and asked to be excused. The Judge thought the request reasonable and excused him.

The Elmira, N. Y., deaf-mutes as well as hearing friends, will very much miss their friend Fred H. King, who is about to go to Athens, Pa., where his father has started a boot and shoe factory, which will be conducted under the firm name of Estabrook & King. Fred will do the best he can for his father in the business there.

It is with much pleasure that Mr. and Mrs. Girardin, of Buffalo, received a visit from Mr. Harry Frey after his recent return from the Imperial City of New York, where he has been the guest of his parents and brother. Harry is a soldier of the G. Company, 10th Regiment U. S. Infantry, stationed at Fort Porter. The G. Company were at the Yorktown Centennial.

The ladies of Mrs. Syle's congregation, at Philadelphia, are making arrangements to hold a fair in the Spring for the benefit of the Church Building Fund. If any ladies interested in the cause would like to contribute specimens of their fancy work, they will be thankfully received by the Committee. The President's address is Mrs. H. W. Syle, No. 2206 Wallace St., Philadelphia, Pa.

Mr. Koehler, of Scranton, a most "super-metaphysical" young man, spent a few days in Philadelphia during Christmas week. On the evening of the 28th, he lectured before the C. L. A., on "Cosmology," and handled the subject in an interesting and entertaining manner, giving a graphic description of his descent in a coq mine. He fairly brought the house down, so pleasing was his delivery.

Mr. Abraham Stein is a member of the Netherlands Israelitish Sick Fund, a society composed of hearing and speaking gentlemen, all Hebrews with the exception of Mr. Stein, a deaf-mute, are going to have a masquerade and divo ball for the benefit of their society at Irving Hall, on Saturday evening, February 11th. He would like to have some of his deaf-mute friends visit him here. He is assistant floor manager.

George W. Jobes, of Stockport, N. Y., was in the Highlands lately.

On the 25th of January next, in Baltimore, Md. Miss Kate Haldy will be married to Mr. James O. Amos.

The wife of Mr. J. K. T. Hoagland, of Cincinnati, was delivered on the 9th of January, of a fine girl—Annie Clara—weighing nine pounds.

In a late issue the item in New Jersey News about Dan Wilgus was terribly mangled by an unknown copy. Instead of living in a hut, it should have read, "They live in a splendid new house—their own property."

Richard Welch, who graduated from the New York Institution a few years ago, is now a first-class baker in a pie bakery in Syracuse, N. Y. We hope to eat some of Richard's pie the next time we go to Syracuse.

Samuel Koffman, in answer to the item sent us by Mr. George Witschick, says that they raised and recently killed a pig which weighed 410 pounds when alive and 350 pounds when butchered and dressed.

A Connecticut correspondent writes:—"I should like to know where Mr. Leslie Marshall, Bridgeport, Conn., is now, as he said that the world would come to an end last Christmas. We are still in this world and are wondering if he is still living or the earth has swallowed him up. Hope that he will not follow Mrs. Shlipton, the prophet any more."

Last New Year's, Miss Laura L. Leiby, of Wrightsville, Pa., was pleased with her deaf-mute friends. She paid a visit to Miss Tarbit, of Columbia, Pa., one day and a half. On the 3d of January, Laura was called and got a job at Mr. Koehler's shop, of that place. She is a turner, which means turning segars. She likes it very well, and attends home every day. She guesses she will have another job in the spring. Laura likes to hear the news through the JOURNAL.

The M. L. A. held an exciting special meeting for the purpose of nominating officers (under the new constitution) Monday evening, January 16th. The election takes place one week hence. The following candidates were finally placed in the field: For President, Wilkinson or Klingman; 1st Vice-President, Haas or Reynolds; 2d Vice-President, Cornelius or Godfrey; Secretary, Ekardt or Hogan; Sergeant-at-Arms, Frey or Schloss. The following ticket should be triumphantly elected. President, John Wilkinson; 1st Vice-President, C. Haas; 2d Vice-President, Sol. Cornelius; Secretary, A. Ekardt; Sergeant at Arms, Henry Frey. The meeting was one of the largest and best conducted held during the past year.—Cor.

The deaf-mute agent, "in the western part of New York State," is neither indigent or ignorant of common courtesy. He has many friends, and has been a successful salesman since he began selling wares for the firm of "The Rogers Cutlery Co.," Hartford, Conn. The firm bearing the above name is too well known to subject the goods to criticism. The agent invests his own money, and reserves the privilege of calling the attention of people to his business, as he chooses, and has failed thus far to find among intelligent and learned speaking people, inclination to censure him, or even criticize his manner of inviting the patronage of people. It would be well for all "deaf-mutes of good education" to remember that "learning is given to promote good actions, not empty disputes," or the dissemination of ridicule.

On the 28th of December last, in Baltimore, Maryland, a surprise party of twenty-two mute gentlemen went to the house of Mr. and Mrs. J. S. Wells who did not expect them. The couple were surprised but much pleased to have them call on them. After half an hour, Mr. Veditz made a brief but complimentary speech and then presented Mr. and Mrs. Wells with a very nice silver casket of six bottles in the name of the party. The couple accepted the gift with many thanks though they could not say how they felt about it. The party also brought a large lot of cakes, oranges, bananas, apples, raisins, candies, nuts and ice-cream. They enjoyed themselves very much by chatting, playing games, etc., till midnight. The night was very pleasant. It was the creditable plan of Misses Barry, Perego and Haldy.

George W. Evans, of Perry, Ia., writes:—"I want a good deaf-mute painter. If you know of any one wanting a job or to go with me as a partner drop a word to me. I have been painting here for the past few weeks. I have more work than I can do and cannot do without a helper. This city is growing fast. Perry is 32 miles north of Des Moines. I went to Scranton, Ia., to spend a few days with a semi-mute named Lester W. Pound, last Thanksgiving Day, and had a good time. He is a manufacturer of boots and shoes, and was educated at the deaf-mute school at Council Bluffs, Iowa. He was elected as an acting Chairman of the Deaf-Mute Convention at Des Moines, Iowa, last Sept., during the State Fair. Mr. Pound is a fine and smart gentleman. They had a good time, and met at the above's house there to fix a convention. I think that our convention will be held at Des Moines on the 15th of February next, to elect new officers. I hope that there will be a good many deaf-mutes at the convention."

"My Journal comes to me regularly and I don't believe I can get along without it. I am glad that the JOURNAL is getting better and stronger."

The Twilight Union contemplates procuring rooms of its own. Hitherto its meetings were held, by invitations, at the homes of some of its members, but the club has grown considerably since its organization, and application for membership still continues to be made; but on account of lack of accommodations, no action was taken upon them for the present. The Union is not, as is generally supposed, for social purposes only. Lectures by prominent persons, will shortly take place, and advice, encouragement and help is given to a brother-member who may be so unfortunate as to lose his employment. It also extends a hand to all mute enterprises which are for the welfare of the class. Schemes and frauds it despises and will always oppose. At the first meeting of the Union after it had become generally known that one-half the proceeds of the M. L. A.'s levee was to be given to the "Building Fund" of the Home for Aged and Infirm Deaf-Mutes, a resolution was passed tendering the aid of the Union to the movement. What other organization in the vicinity of New York has done likewise? Not one. Is there a society of adult mutes in this State which has done more for the mental, moral and social enjoyment of its members than the Twilight Union. No! What is the reward for this well doing? Some mutes in this vicinity, blessed with little brains and a large amount of impudence, who consider themselves sportsmen and gentlemen, and who dislike to see any movement for the advancement of their class originated, unless they are at the head of it, have started lying and slanderous stories about the Twilight Union. The fellows are well-known, and unless they top doing so there will be trouble.

The Koffmans are busy filling their ice house at their Walden, N. Y., country seat. The house has a capacity of 150 tons.

The cane presentation to Mr. J. T. Tillingham was made by his friends in New England and it had no date of any place whatever.

The price of supper at the grand levee on the evening of February 21st, will be 75 cents or less—probably less, the committee not yet having fully decided.

On the 26th of Dec., a stranger in the well known garb of Santa Claus, paid a visit to the pupils of the American Asylum. His presents were numerous, and some of them valuable.

George W. Binghamman lately paid a pleasant visit to John W. Gray and his sister Louisa Hinkle of Mechanicsburg, at the residence of the former in Duncannon, Pa. He also called on Alfred Hockley, of the same place.

N. B. Stewart, who is now in Salem, Ala., will leave for Tennessee to visit his brother, whom he has not seen for eight years. Mr. Stewart was educated at the Talladega School. He is now working in a cotton factory.

Mr. George Kent rode over to Mr. A. Smith's place in New Boston, N. H., with Mrs. Worcester on the 18th of January, when the mercury was 22 degrees below zero. Mr. Kent is quite spry under the burden of sixty-nine winters.

Charles Demarais a member of the class '70, at the Wisconsin State School, was married to Miss Emily Eberle, a former pupil at the same school, on December 13th, 1891. Their silent friends wish them a prosperous and happy life.

Mr. Weeks, of Hartford, was in Yorktown, N. Y., on the 10th of January, whether he went to follow the remains of his dear mother to their last resting place. His mother was 96 years and 6 months old when she died Jan. 8th, 1892. His father died on Jan. 1, 1890, at the age of 84 years and 10 months.

A correspondent says:—"This diabolical attempt, by underhanded means, to make the coming levee of the Manhattan Literary Association a failure is the most contemptible scheme on record. The persons endeavoring to do this are 'spotted,' and their petty attempts are not feared. The levee will be a grand success."

We have just received the news of the sudden taking off of William Lloyd Guss, foreman on the railroad division at Blacklog, Pa., that happened on Tuesday, January 10th, at noon, while stepping from the south track into the north track, as the train was coming South, he was knocked by the North-bound train and killed instantly. L. N. Rossmund had been working with him last summer. We understand he was a cousin of William E. Guss, of St. Louis, a graduate of the Philadelphia School.

Mr. D. H. Brophy, of Higganum, Ct., was at home in New York during the Christmas holidays. He met his old friend Mr. Redmond, who is a packer by trade. Mr. R. invited him to visit his home and he met Mrs. Redmond, a fine looking lady whom he had not seen for fifteen years. He was sorry he could not attend the party at Mr. Redmond's on December 26th. There were several deaf-mutes present. Mr. Brophy attended the wedding of Mr. Loveland and Miss Williams of St. Ann's Church on the 6th of January.

The Hillsboro, N. H., Messenger says:—"On Sunday night, January 8th, a little past 6 o'clock the people's usually quiet village in Antrim, was startled by hearing an almost inhuman cry. It seemed that Martin Cullinan, of Vermont, and Nellie Barrett, of Antrim, were riding down Depot street, and when nearly opposite Goodell Co's office, the horse shied and all rolled down the bank together. The sleigh and harness were broken slightly and the people well shaken up. It is a bad place, and the authorities should see that it is raised."

There is a young man, a deaf-mute and a graduate of the American Asylum who is now employed upon a model for a medallion likeness of the late David E. Bartlett. When the work is finished his name will be published. He is an enterprising young man, a cutter of stone for monuments. It is likely that there will be a gathering in Norwich, Ct., at the unveiling of the medallion likeness of the late David E. Bartlett, at a day not very distant. Hope this young artist will be encouraged by others. He comes well recommended by all who know him as a first class letter cutter, a business man, a gentleman and a Christian.

Mrs. Sweeney, of Morrisania, N. Y., received about 50 calls on New Year's Day. At 8 p.m., they were surprised by a party marching in on them, headed by a band of music. They drank a toast in Port and California wine. Dancing and games made the hours pass pleasantly, at 5 and 6 in the morning, all left for their homes, each as they departed, wishing Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney a Happy New Year. The party gave pleasure to all. They had two fine women to wait on the table. Mr. and Mrs. Sweeney have two boys and one girl. Their girl graduated from one of the public schools, and is quite expert in the deaf-mute alphabet and sign language and is the pride of her parents.

A correspondent says:—"What has become of the Social Union? Has it 'busted'?" It held a meeting in November last, and since then has repeatedly been reported dead. Whether this be true or not, such an organization should never have come into existence. The idea of deaf-mutes getting up a sort of "well club" where the members' chief endeavor is to out-doress one another. Ha! Ha! It is in my opinion the most ridiculous scheme that has ever existed among our class. A few days ago, in talking with him who is said to be or was its chairman of its Committee of Arrangements, I was given to understand that it was the desire of a great many of its most prominent members that no more meetings be held. Is this a fact? Who can answer?"

The friends and acquaintances of Andrew M. DeYoung, son of the late Maurice B. DeYoung, will hear with sorrow of his sudden death, which occurred on the 9th of January, after a short but very painful illness of three weeks of typhoid fever. Deceased was well known in the community and greatly beloved by all who knew him. He was well known in railroad circles, and his many associates will miss his many happy greetings. Besides his widow, whom he took unto him just one year ago, he leaves a mother, three sisters and five brothers to mourn his untimely death. Deceased was born in Cincinnati March 30th, 1849, and at the time of his death was 33 years of age. The sympathy of the entire community is extended to the bereaved family. The funeral of the deceased took place from his mother's residence on the 11th of this month in the forenoon and was largely attended. The remains were buried by his late father's grave in the Mount Hope Cemetery. The deceased was the brother of Mr. Samuel M. DeYoung, of Rochester, N. Y., a well-known deaf-mute. The deaf-mute is greatly sympathized with for the loss of his most devoted companion. His family is doing well.

Mr. E. Souweine says that the rumor about his being engaged is absolutely false.

A friend would like to know where to send a letter to Mrs. Webb, nee Miss Whitney, of Maine.

Mrs. O. B. Anderson is in Evansville again. She has been visiting her parents in Newport, Ky.

F. P. B., of New Hampshire, asks where his friend, Willie Butcher lives—somewhere in New York?

Does Mr. Chase, formerly of Florida, know of any place, Brooklyn by name, in Florida?

Joseph O. Sanger preached to a large audience with Mr. Edward Duran, of Boston, last Sunday, the 22d inst.

Mat. D. Lyon, the produce buyer of Madisonville, Ky., was in Evansville a few days ago. He called on the lovely Jewess.

Martin Cullinan, of Arlington, Vt., was in Antrim, N. H., for a week, visiting his deaf-mute friends Edwin H. French, Mr. Swett, and Mr. Wilkins.

Was Harry White born deaf and dumb? Please answer this and oblige, "Elizabeth Jane." She was told that he was a semi-mute but he said he was not.

It is reported that Miss Flora Bigelow, of Webster, Mass., who left Hartford School last June, is or has gone to Northampton to learn how to speak. She is a semi-mute.

E. H. French will be third base in the Union Base Ball Club next spring. He would like John R. Lewis, of Philadelphia and Fred Hewitt, of Camden, N. J., to join the club.

There was a party at the home of Mr. Wilkins, of Antrim, N. H., on Monday, January 9th. Deaf-mutes and hearing persons participated. Martin Cullinan danced an exhibition jig.

There are whisperings of proceedings for divorce on the part of a pretty Brooklyn deaf-mute belle, against her hearing and speaking husband. Birds not of one feather should not flock together.

J. P. Conlon visited the Rome Deaf-Mute Institution on the 13th inst. He arrived home safely at Havana. He is well and happy at home. He expects to be in Buffalo again on the 1st of March.

A friend, who wrote a letter to Mr. C. D. R., of New York City, week before Christmas or New Year, is impatiently looking for her answer. "Friend" anticipates going to New York this winter some time.

Rev. Mr. Bowler, of Rockland, Maine, made his son Albert and his wife a handsome present, which is a cozy cottage and farm. That long life and happiness attend them is the very best wishes of their friend. "E."

Rev. A. W. Mann lectured in the Guild Room, of Trinity Church, Cleveland, on Thursday evening, January 19th, taking for his subject, the life and writings of Corvantes. A good-sized congregation was present.

Edwin H. French, of Antrim, N. H., enjoyed meeting his three classmates and many school-mates at the Boston Levee. He hopes there will be a picnic near the Beach next summer, so he can join in a base ball game with the speaking boys.

Frank M. Senior, the artist, and Leo Greis, the engraver, express themselves well pleased with and congratulate the JOURNAL upon the neat style of printing in which the heading appeared last week. The printing does credit to their work.

Mr. H. N. Swett works in the cutlery shop in Antrim, N. H., and earns good wages. E. H. French also works in the same place, but in the handle shop, for knives and forks. Miss Nellie Bartlett is employed at the Tenny Hotel in Antrim.

It is rumored that Mr. Frey, of Brooklyn, has eloped with another man's wife, and the pair are said to be in New Jersey enjoying pleasant dreams of Bigamy proceedings, with the dim outlines of a stone castle in the East River, looming up in the distance.

There is a deaf-mute by the name of Bellinger, boarding at a restaurant in Pearl Street, N. Y. He claims to be from London, England, and came to America about a year ago. He is employed as a cabinetmaker and designer in Harlem, and is quite a stranger to the New York JOURNAL. He was much pleased with a copy of the JOURNAL that was shown him, and he says he will subscribe.

W. H. Green writes:—"One of the items in the JOURNAL of the 12th inst., informing that Mr. Geo. A. Holmes, of Boston, proposes to have a bigger levee there next year, but the mutes of Worcester are making arrangements for a better levee next year. I ask the JOURNAL readers to write down their names through the JOURNAL to choose either Boston or Worcester for the levee, on January 1st, 1893."

Miss Annie Barry, of Baltimore, Md., who is one of the teachers of the Maryland School for the Deaf and Dumb, at Frederick, Md., gave a grand party to her deaf-mute friends at her residence, on New Year's Eve, which is spoken of as a most jolly affair. About 25 deaf-mutes were present, among whom we observed Messrs. Elwell and Stubbs, of Philadelphia, Miss Ijames, one of the teachers at Frederick, two National College students, Messrs. Palmer and Veditz, Mr. Gallion, of Hartford; Mr. Wells, teacher at the Maryland School for Colored Mutes, at Baltimore, Md., and others.

The following mutes that assembled chez Mrs. and Mrs. H. A. Rumrill, of Syracuse, N. Y., in response to a kind invitation from Mrs. R., to spend Sunday, (January 22d) with them, were Miss Kittie Beardsley, of Union Springs, N. Y.; Miss Flora H. Wiley, of the Rochester (N. Y.) where she was formerly a pupil; Mr. Edward Edwin Miles; Miss Annie Lewis and Mr. Edward Miles, of Watertown, N. Y.; and C. O. Upham, of Watertown, N. Y. It is needless to say that they had a very nice time, their visit having been made as pleasant as possible. They regretted that their "rapid transit" visit was over so soon, but they agreed "slap-dash" that they wisely accepted the kind "invite" at once. Those young mutes are a set of smart and attractive semi-mutes. Jollity and warm-heartedness are the main characteristics of those young ladies. One of those fellows was so dignified in appearance through the courses of dinner, that those ladies looked at each other in wonderment, as if to ask each other the question: "What is up?" The other fellow told those ladies that he read about a case of small pox on a train, and felt it a duty to be vaccinated on his left arm, and wanted to be left alone as it was getting sore. But those ladies proved to be awful absent minded, for they asked to be excused every time they hurt his sore arm. Miss Grace H. Hastings, of Buffalo, was also invited, but she sent in her regrets and compliments.

It is probable that the next Convention of American Instructors of the Deaf and Dumb will be held at Jacksonville, Ill.

Messrs. Sawyer and Wagner are the swells of Washington deaf-mute society. They both sport high hats and look well in them.

Prof. W. H. Weeks, of Hartford, is expected to preach to the deaf-mutes in Worcester, on the 5th of February. Come one, Come all.

Mary Dora Russell, wife of James Russell, gave birth to a fine boy last week (Wednesday). She is dangerously ill with Bright's disease of the Kidneys.

Miss Sarah Emarling, (mute) formerly a pupil of the Indianapolis School, was married to a speaking man, named Mr. Reed, not long ago. They now live in Roanoke, Ind.

Washington Farrer and wife are visiting Mr. and Mrs. Evans, of Walker, Ia. Mr. Farrer was educated at the Wisconsin Institution, and his wife (nee Amanda Eno) at the Hartford School.

Mr. William Harrison, and his afflicted wife, of Philadelphia, are expecting to go to New York City and attend the Deaf-Mute Levee on the 21st of February. Mr. Harrison was educated at the New York School, and will be very glad to see his old classmates and schoolmates.

Wm. H. Tardy, a deaf-mute, formerly a pupil of the Indiana Institution, was killed on the Pittsburgh Road near Plymouth, Ind., last week by an express train. The Engineer sounded the whistle, but the dumb man, of course could not hear it and the train struck him with the above result.

Miss Maggie E. Hines, of Kingston, N. R., is a graduate of the N. S. deaf and dumb Institution. She attended that school two years. When twelve years of age she took lessons in drawing, and at the end of two years she had the highest mark. She is very anxious to get employment at drawing in the United States.

The sister of Fred Cocagne, a deaf-mute of Cape Vincent, N. Y., was married on January 18th, to Mr. David Walrath, of Brownsville, N. Y. Many valuable presents were given to the newly married couple. They have gone on a wedding tour which embraces New York, Boston, Philadelphia, and Chicago. They will be absent four weeks.

Mr. Edward Wilson, of Philadelphia, is treasurer of the Chirological Lyceum. He is very near in his dress and makes a good appearance, somewhat resembling President Arthur in this respect. Whenever he takes the platform to make a speech, tell a story or take part in the debates, he does so in a very graceful and gentlemanly way, smiles very sweetly, in a manner calculated to win the hearts of the weaker sex.

Mr. John B. Herman, of Buffalo, N. Y., once a student of the High Class at Fanwood, has a permanent situation with the firm of Henry Ballantyne & Co., the Exchange Street boot and shoe dealer, who presented each of their employees, 86 in number, with a fat turkey on Christmas. John had his turkey dinner at the residence of Mr. Girardin and invited some of his friends, but regrets that Philip was not there to partake of the turkey of which he would get all the bones. It affords us much pleasure to learn that Philip had a splendid dinner at his wife's parents.

Mr. W. R. Cullingworth, of Philadelphia, first visited the Chirological Lyceum last Wednesday night. The members were glad to see him. We believe that visitors are always welcome at the meetings of that Lyceum, the members being so pleasant and agreeable. Mr. Cullingworth is an Ex-President and Ex-Treasurer of the Clero Literary Association, and as he is such a good friend of Rev. Syle, it is hoped he will follow the example of that gentleman and join the Lyceum, which is proving itself to be a grand success.

A writer says:—"Next Thursday evening, the annual election of officers of the Manhattan Literary Association takes place. As a member, and one who desires to see the association prosper, I think it not unbecoming to comment upon the nominees put forward at a recent meeting. In the first place, it is essential that the officers to be chosen are men of good character, and second that they be intelligent and 'slow to anger.' In other words be able to control their temper. For President, Frank Klingman has been nominated. His opponent is John Wilkinson. Klingman was last year elected 1st Vice-President, but on account of the continual absence of the person elected President, has been the chief executive officer of the Association since last September. Of rather quick temper, and with his early education somewhat neglected, he has been anything but a model officer. Mr. W., on the other hand, is a graduate of the National College, a perfect master of the sign-language, and although of a somewhat yielding disposition, will doubtless stiffen up his backbone if called to the Presidency of the Association. For 1st Vice-President, Mr. Carl Haas is pitted against Geo. L. Reynolds. Mr. H., although a good-hearted young fellow, is far from being bright, and should never have been nominated for any office, as he is mentally totally unfit to hold one. Of Mr. R. it is unnecessary to speak, he being so well-known. Although not the most graceful sign-maker, he is generally 'up to snuff,' and between the two there is not the least particle of doubt as to who is the best fitted for the office. For 2d Vice-President, Sol. Cornelius and T. J. Godfrey are running. Mr. C. is an intelligent and very nice young man and would doubtless, if elected, honor the office much more than the office would honor him. He will be elected by a rousing majority. It is unnecessary to say anything of his opponent, as he stands not the ghost of a chance of getting office. For Secretary, John Hogan, Esq., the present incumbent, and Adolphus Ekardt are the candidates. Mr. H., since occupying the office, has been punctual in attendance, kept the 'books' in good order, but has not conducted himself in a dignified manner while on the rostrum. Instead of a number of times he has 'cut queer monkey shins' so that a great many people have got the notion that he is a natural born clown or a ————.

Mr. E. was formerly secretary, but resigned his place before his term expired. As to visits, he stands head and shoulders above his rival, but still will scarcely be elected, as his ability to be present at the meetings regularly is doubted. Under the new Constitution and By-Laws of the association, its treasurer is appointed by the 'Board of Trustees.' For the past two years this office has been held by Mr. J. P. Ijames, who has conducted its affairs in an honest and efficient manner, and there is no reason why he should be removed or another appointed in his place. If left to the association, he would doubtless be unanimously re-elected. This point I comment to the attention of the 'Board,' all of whom doubtless read the JOURNAL. For Sergeant-at-Arms Messrs. Henry Frey and S. Schloss are in the field. This last individual is totally unfit for the office, while Mr. F. was doubtless born especially for it."

Mr. and Mrs. Syle are in the happy possession of a little boy with its mother's dark hair.

John W. Hess met Mr. G. W. Binghamman in Harrisburg, Pa., recently. Mr. Hess lives in Baltimore, Md.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, of New York, comes to us with a new heading, which in design and execution deserves to rank with the best. It is the work of former pupils of the New York Inst.—Kansas Optic.

Some of your readers and Mr. John R. Lewis, of Philadelphia, wish to know the address of Mr. Henry C. Niemann, the famous tanner, of Pittsburg. It is as follows, Henry C. Niemann, No. 47 James Street, Allegheny City, Pa.

Miss Brooke

Winter Pastimes.

LITERARY EVENTS.

Various Paragraphs.

(From our Washington Correspondent.)

Having waited a considerable period in vain for the skating season to open, the students were obliged to find some other mode of passing their spare moments. Foot ball still continues to be a popular exercise, but the weather of late has been of such a watery character as to make outdoor sports anything but practicable. As it is, the majority of us spend our afternoons in the gymnasium, where, besides the usual daily exercises, two other means of recreation have lately been added. The first was the introduction of boxing at which interesting practice a good number of the students while away the time not employed. There can be no doubt that among all the chivalrous arts, which every gentleman should know, boxing holds a conspicuous place. It is a fact beyond dispute that every gentleman should be able to protect himself from insult and violence, with or without weapons. Moreover a knowledge of boxing prevents the frequent use of deadly weapons, which is a disgrace to modern civilization. It will therefore be seen how important it is to all gentlemen to be fully acquainted with the mysteries of boxing. We do not believe that any of our little community aspire to the notoriety of "bruisers," but we feel certain that the practice our young men are now taking will prepare them to defend themselves from insolent and ruinous attacks. Some have already shown a pretty good acquaintance with the exercise, and several rattling bouts have taken place which are productive of considerable excitement both among the participants and lookers on.

Our other newly introduced means of recreation is that afforded by dancing. Since the Soiree, which was given during the Christmas recess, those students who are behind in dancing have formed themselves into a class for mutual improvement. In this commendable course they have been assisted by those of us who have greater or less experience in the different dances. After gymnastic exercises, the class meet in a corner of the gymnasium and there pass an hour or two in whirling around in the mazy waltz, or else form sets and go through the figures of the quadrille. Still there is an element of the ludicrous in the patient endeavour with which the beginners go through the task, for such it is to them. To many of them a difficult problem in Geometry or Trigonometry is much easier than the figures of the quadrille, and the way in which they occasionally get mixed up makes the old hands grin. But then they take it good naturedly enough, and doubt less enjoy their own confusion as much as the beholders. By the time the next ball comes off, they will have got over the awkwardness of the first trials and will be able to go through as easy as any of us.

Lately there has been considerable talk among the students of forming class teams for contests at tug-of-war. The Juniors seem anxious to meet the Seniors at the rope's end, while the redoubtable Freshmen think they are equal to a hundred Sophs. This will probably end in a competition all around, the Juniors with the Seniors and the Freshmen with the Sophomores. The two teams coming off best in the contests to take part in a final contest for the college championship. Probably the competition will come off soon, and meanwhile the members of the different teams will solve the problem of stuffing a ton of lead into each pocket without any perceptible increase in the bulk of their hips.

THE LITERARY EVENTS of the past week consisted of the opening exercises of the Lit. for the second college term. The exercises were held on Friday evening the 20th, on which occasion the following programme was carried out successfully: Essay, "The Farmer and his Work," Mr. Layton, '82; Debate, Resolved that a Republican form of Government is more favorable to the cultivation of Literature, Science and Art, than a Monarchical form." Affirmative, Messrs. Allen, '86, Fox, '83, Negative, Messrs. Hanson, '86, Volitz, '84. Decided by the judges in favor of the negative. Dialogue, "Speed the Plough," Messrs. Haas, '84, Deem, '85, and Hasenstab, '85. Declaration, "Battle of Irvy," Mr. Palmer, '84. The meeting was attended by a large and appreciative audience, which is an evidence of the popularity of the time-honored Lit.

VARIOUS PARAGRAPHS.

There are many "wishes" for skating. The Seniors are to wear high hats

the coming Spring. Surely the world is moving.

We made an error in our last report of the bowling scores. The highest bowling score up to date is that of Van Damme, '82, which is 244.

Dumb bell exercise will shortly be introduced to the list of gymnastic exercises. Other additions are to be made from time to time.

Messrs. Drake and Clond, who left the college last year, have returned and taken up their studies where they left off. They were warmly greeted by their old fellow students.

Mr. Booker, '86, has been quite ill for the past few weeks with some sort of fever. The latest report represents him as improving rapidly. We hope soon to see him among us again.

By special request of the President, of the Amaranth Club of Capitol Hill, a number of the students will repeat "William Tell" before the members of that society on the evening of January 30th. It seems the students are getting a reputation for their dramatic representations.

LESTER MONTROSE. KENDALL GREEN, Jan. 21, 1882.

The Salem Society.

At the annual meeting of the Salem Society of Deaf-Mutes, held at their new rooms on the evening of January 9th, the following officers were elected for the ensuing year: Hardy P. Chapman, for General Manager; James P. Barbanks and William Bailey, Executive Committee. The society has \$2,022 in the Savings Bank. The following address of our General Manager will show the readers the prosperous state of our society during the past year:

"The past year furnishes fresh evidence of the prosperity of this society and its ability under its efficient pastor, and we close our eighth year in a most encouraging manner. We place on record our acknowledgments for the many favors thus steadily and abundantly bestowed. Let me call out a few facts of our prosperity which will, we trust, interest the members.

"There are indications that the attendance at the meetings is increasing, as will be seen by the statistics. Some of those who left us some years ago have asked for re-admission to our society with apparently wiser and more serious resolutions for the better. Six new names have already been presented to us for admission to our membership. We can, with self-gratification, express the satisfaction with which we have called our brother Packard to this important position as Pastor. He appears to gain more confidence, love, respect and support from year to year from all who come in contact with him.

"Our services in Beverly, which are held once every month, are well attended, and we are encouraged to continue them.

"The society has also prospered financially. Our income has been larger the past year than in any previous year, but our removal to new and larger rooms has made our expenses necessarily larger. Of course, like all similar societies, our wants are growing. The financial report will show a clear record without any outstanding accounts. Our terms for membership have always been strictly cash, and we enter the new year free from all debt.

"We have not yet drawn from the interest on our funds. People seem to get more acquainted with our affairs and wants, and they have hown more readiness to help us from year to year.

Among the distinguished persons who visited us during the past year, were the first President of the N. E. G. A., and the present President of the said association, who is still our honorary member, and the editor of late *Silent People*, and now the General Manager of the Lowell Silent Society.

DONATION.

The following were presented by some citizens, publishers and dealers: A first class pair of Magic Lanterns with their accompaniments costing \$114, four books, viz: Wilson's Lantern Journeys, in two volumes; the Art of Projecting, and Marcy's Sicopticon Manual, four dozen forks and knives; lumber enough to make three long tables and their stands, which were obtained through the efforts of Mr. Packard.

We cannot omit to make some mention of the Committee on Sociables. They have furnished collations, several times from which we realized some profits, and with which they obtained various articles for the society.

Through their efforts, certain persons presented the society with four dozen plates, four dozen mugs, four dozen oyster bowls, two dozen saucers, and two dozen spoons. Several suppers were served and enlivened with good feelings.

We trust they will continue their good work this year.

In August, 1881, we moved from our former quarters, 246 Essex street, and we took possession of these rooms.

The first service in these new rooms was held on the first Sunday in September.

During the year the only accident that happened to any of our members was the falling of one of them on the ice. He was on his way home after he had been to one of our Friday night prayer meetings. The result was a dislocated hip, which kept him absent from the meetings he enjoyed and loved so well for about four months. But through the mercy and goodness of our Heavenly Father, he has been permitted to recover and

come to our meetings as regularly as before.

We have witnessed four important events calling our special attention, viz:

1. September 8th. A service was held here in response to the recommendation of His excellency, Governor Long, calling upon the people of this State to engage in prayer for the recovery of our late afflicted President Garfield. Our prayer was conditional, "Thy will be done." The will of God, not ours, was done.

2. Sunday, September 18th, was a lively and busy day among us. All of us were busy in looking after old clothes and things for the Michigan sufferers, in compliance to the loud and earnest appeal of the Mayor of Port Huron.

3. On Sunday, September 25th, our pulpit and walls were heavily and appropriately draped with crape in expression of our grief on the death of President Garfield. We commemorated his death in compliance with the wish of His excellency, the Governor. 4. Our rooms were dedicated on Monday evening, November 28th, with a simple and interesting service. Revs. F. S. Israel, E. S. Atwood, De Witt S. Clark, Geo. E. Merrill, and our honorary member, J. T. Tillinghast, of New Bedford, participated in the exercises, and the parts were interpreted to those present by our pastor, and a poem written by Miss Angie Fuller was also rendered by Mrs. Follette, of Providence.

5. The first lecture ever given in our history for the benefit of our society, was delivered by Rev. Mr. Alfred A. Wright, of Lynn, on Monday night (gratis) November 22d, at the First Baptist Church of Salem. His subject was Words; wise and otherwise. We hope this will stimulate others to do good works for this society.

We enter upon the new year hoping for still greater improvements in the workings of our society, and the increase of love, goodwill and peace to all and more confidence in each other, and may our Pastor's labors be blessed to you all.

A MEMBER.

TEACHING THE DUMB TO SPEAK

[From the Boston Transcript, Jan. 4.]

I happened to see an item in your issue of a few days ago, in which Professor Alexander Graham Bell is reported to have made the remarkable assertion that the time will come when dumbness or lack of speech will be universally recognized as a token of neglected education. This assertion is the more remarkable considering the fact that not all persons who are dumb can be taught to speak with any degree of success, as experience, the true school, has proved in all institutions (I say without hesitation in all institutions) and none is better aware of this fact than Professor Bell. This sweeping assertion is incredible as coming from him. He must have known that to teach the congenital deaf, or those born deaf and dumb, to speak, when they have not even the tones and the indistinct sounds of memory to help them is an utter impossibility. It is true they can learn to pronounce letters, after long and patient teaching, and if that were the key to the whole vocabulary of language, it were well; but it is not; for every new word has to be taught to them, and they cannot pronounce words, though, as is the habit with all of them, they may be able to spell letter after letter correctly enough. Left to themselves they are like vessels without a pilot, and like all vessels in such circumstances they shun the open seas and keep themselves close at home, or in plain English, they speak only to their own folks, rarely, if ever, to strangers, from the fear of exciting a smile by strange, uncouth voices: for it is a fact that cannot be disproved congenital deaf-mutes who have learned to speak a little, speak unaturally. Even parrots can be taught to speak, but they can not learn to speak without assistance; in this respect, all such congenital mutes resemble them. They speak in a strange, grating voice, and so do deaf-mutes. Professor Bell also expresses that those uncouth voices can be corrected and modulated with practice. I have good reason to doubt that. I know one pupil who is a graduate of an articulation school, and one of its best instances of what articulation can do, and often held up as such, and she speaks in an unpleasant, grating voice, and in a laborious way, as if she was trying to spell the words letter after letter. The way this intelligent young lady tries to talk is enough to excite pity, as the mother of a more gifted deaf but not dumb daughter told me.

Professor Bell's prophecy is contravened by facts which can be verified in any school of articulation. Even among the graduates of schools of the sign and oral methods, his words occasion not a little surprise; and who are better able to judge of the merits of either system of education than deaf-mutes? The facts, as I have stated them, are well known among them. The system of articulation is possible only with those who have lost their hearing at a comparatively advanced age, say from six to eight and upward. They retain their power of speech, and it is comparatively easy, though not in all cases of this kind, to teach them with the aid of what they have already learned, but not otherwise. And, pray, how large a proportion of deaf-mutes do these constitute? Only one-third. The vast majority of deaf-mutes can derive no real benefit from articulation. It takes infinitely more time and pains to teach the pronunciation of a single

letter by the oral method than it would to teach the meaning of "cat," "dog," "man," and many other similar words, by the sign method. If the general education of deaf-mutes is to be desired in the quickest possible way, it will not be found in the articulation method alone, nor in the sign method alone, but in what is known as the combined method. According to this method, the art of articulation is taught only to such as are capable of it, and both systems are used as the means, not the end, of instruction. These are the views of a deaf mute who has been educated in both systems, and a teacher of deaf mutes as well.

Yours truly, HARRY WHITE.

Letter from Pennsylvania.

On the morning of Saturday, December 24th, 1881, A. Riggle went out to the barn and harnessed the horses to the wagon and drove to the house where he called Miss Emma Reiter, Miss Kitty Riggle, Mrs. D. T. Riggle and myself and drove to Kittanning. M. E. R. went in company with Emma Reiter for a distance of about ten miles from Cochran's Mills. We saw Emma's father coming to meet us. Emma and I walked over half a mile through the town of Kittanning. She and I went to the store which I liked very much. We afterwards went out and got the mail. We arrived home safely.

Many people went to the school on Saturday evening on account of it being a holiday. We all admired the Christmas tree for it was very beautiful. Many of the boys were very rough and wicked and seemed to be fond of fighting like dogs; but the girls were fond of peace and loved to comfort their parents. I was sorry to learn that some of the men got drunk during the holidays. God does not love drunkards, murderers or wicked people. After the party was over we went home. Amos, his two sisters and I walked through the woods on our way home after leaving the school. We arrived home last night.

On the 25th of December it was good weather. Amos brought a goose home which made us a very good Christmas dinner. On Monday morning I was going to start for home, but the rain prevented me. In the evening we went to church. We were seated in the gallery which gave us a very good view of the Christmas tree, which was much nicer than the one at Bunker Hill School. Four boys distributed candies, peanuts and Christmas cards to the children. After which we went home. The way was very muddy. Amos and Edward are cigar-makers.

Next August, I and my brother will go to visit my cousin in Kittanning. Next September, my father and I intend to go to Pittsburgh and visit the Exposition. After which my father will come home and I will visit Greenwood's home. Mrs. Laura will be glad to meet me at the station of Hulton. It is about 80 or 40 miles from Hulton to Kelley's Station, and is ten miles from Pittsburgh.

This winter Milton E. Robb accidentally cut a toe on his left foot. Tobias and Lizzie King live in Boston, and both are uneducated natives. Their address is Boston, Armstrong Co., Pa. Lizzie acts as cook and housekeeper. Philip Miller is sick with small-pox. A. C. King is a teacher and earns \$24 per month. Daniel L. King and Cyrus K. Sease went to York, Pa., and bought a new profitable saw mill.

M. E. R.

The Garfield Memorial.

Official Bulletin, No. 7.

NATIONAL DEAF-MUTE COLLEGE, KENDALL GREEN, NEAR WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 21, 1882.

The following persons have expressed their pleasure to act as agents for the Memorial:

John F. Donnelly, Woonsocket, R. I.; W. W. Swartz, Catawissa, Pa.; B. Lanius, York, Pa.

The following subscriptions have come to hand, and all are paid. All but the first two came through Mr. Herman Erbe:

Olaf Hanson, Deaf-Mute College,	\$2 00
L. A. Palmer, do	5 00
Isaac P. Beach, Bradford, Conn.,	2 00
William H. Averill, do	1 00
W. Bunnell, Fairhaven, "	50
Samuel L. Bonner, Hartford, "	25
Frederick C. Cook, "	25
James R. Hine, Waterbury, "	1 00
J. D. Bartlett, North Guilford, "	1 50
Levett G. Green, New Haven, "	2 00
Louis Riger, "	25
E. R. Davis, Thomaston, "	3 00
John Muth, "	1 00
William F. Genet, "	2 00
H. Erbe, "	205 00
Amount already reported - -	285 00
Total to date - - - - -	\$310 00

The subscription of Mr. E. L. Van Damme, Deaf-Mute College (\$1 paid), as well as part (50 cents) of Mr. Griffin's subscription, were not printed in bulletin No. 5,—as may be seen by casting up the sums reported therein.

A. G. DRAPER,

The Levee Sunday Services.

MR. EDITOR:—Having heard from good authority, and not noticing in the report of the Boston Levee any thing in regard to the Sunday services. I take the liberty of sending this article, thinking it will be of interest to many of your readers. The morning services were conducted by Prof. Weeks and Fay, of Hartford, Conn., and were attended by one hundred and twenty-one persons. The Bible class was dispensed with at one. At half past two, the afternoon ser-

vice commenced, Prof. Weeks, opening with a Hymn and reading the Scripture. Then P. W. Packard, pastor of the S. S. of D. M., delivered one of his most services on the necessity of the mutes attending Divine Service. So interesting was it that the committee unanimously agreed to ask him to come again. This service was attended by eighty-six persons, and held till 4 p.m., the evening service commenced at 7 p.m., led by Wm H. Weeks and there were one hundred and five present. Sixteen different persons, went to the platform and addressed those present. Some prayers were requested. At 9 p.m., the services of the day closed, we hope with profit to some at least.

H. A. C.

PENNSYLVANIA ITEMS.

Cold weather. It was snowy yesterday. It was interesting to read the letters of the Rev. Job Turner.

I would like to hear from my former classmate, Rowland Barker, of Johnston, Pa., through the JOURNAL. I was very glad to hear from my former classmate, George B. Bowers, of Millersburg, Pa., in the itemizer.

I am sorry to hear of the death of Charles Snare, of Philadelphia. I expect Mr. Chas. L. McKenzie of Portage, Pa., will pay a visit to me.

A deaf woman whose name is Mrs. Robinson of Kittanning Point, Pa., was married to a speaking gentleman, who is a flagman on the Pennsylvania Rail Road. They lived in this place about three years ago. Sometimes she invites me to visit her home.

A short time since the peddler of Altoona, Pa., came here. My dear mother told him that her son is a deaf-mute. Then the peddler said to her that he has a deaf-mute daughter whose name is Miss Katie R—. She is about thirteen years old. He said "I would send Katie to the Philadelphia School, but I don't know the address of the Principal of the Philadelphia Institution for the Deaf and Dumb. I gave him the address. I would like to see Mr. G. B. B., of Millersburg, Pa.

I am well at present, and hope the deaf-mutes of Dauphin Co. Pa., are the same. I send my best respects to them.

Yours Truly, SAND.

GALLITZIN, PA., 1-20-'82.

IOWA INSTITUTION NEWS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Perhaps news from this Institution would not be unwelcome. If so, I will endeavor to furnish some.

We have had a very mild winter thus far.

There was a light fall of snow a week ago and the boys took advantage of it to coast down the bluffs. Some of the older girls thought they would follow the example of the boys, and producing sleds they were soon flying down hill, but their delight was somewhat dampened when one of the girls fell off of a sled and sprained her ankle. They concluded that such swift journeys were not conducive to their health and so discontinued them.

Christmas came and went very quietly though pleasantly here. Saturday afternoon before Christmas the pupils were treated to candies, oranges, etc., also numberless presents that had been received from home for them.

Monday evening, December 26th, 1881, a pantomimic entertainment was given by several of the teachers, and was much enjoyed by all present, judging from the tremendous and repeated applause.

The New Year was ushered in by the ringing of the dinner bell through the large halls by two wide-awake girls at midnight.

A very pleasant social was enjoyed Monday evening, January 2d.

Most of the teachers spent Christmas visiting home or friends.

Examination is over and the pupils breathe freely again, and have settled down to their old routine of duties once more.

We were seriously alarmed last Friday by the burning of the gas-house near the Institution. It was feared that the gas-pipes through the Institution would explode. We all left our work, hurried on some wraps and rushed out into the chilly air, where we remained about half an hour till the danger was over. The gas-house was destroyed, but no further damage resulted.

Misses Van Tassel and Cowden paid the Nebraska Institution a visit last Saturday. Taking into consideration the proximity of the Institutions, visits should be exchanged more frequently.

SAMANTHA JANE.

Jan. 19, 1882.

Notices.

Deaf-mutes are invited to attend the services of the Catholic Literary Union next Sunday. Those who contributed to the fund are especially requested to attend, as the presentation will be made on that day.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS.

Chicago - - - - - 29th. Dayton, O. - - - - - Feb. 5th. St. Louis - - - - - 12th. The services at Dayton will be held in Christ Church, at 10:30 A.M., with the Holy Communion, and at 7:30 P.M. The Rector, Rev. J. T. Webster, extends a cordial invitation to the mutes of Dayton and vicinity.

NEW YORK.

JOHN STEPHENSON.

That Much Talked of Levee.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The M. L. A., charged 25 cent admission to their lecture last Thursday. The lecture was delivered by a speaking gentleman to a hearing audience and was interpreted by Dr. Gallaudet for the benefit of those deaf-mutes present.

The subject of the lecture was "John Stephenson," the great car builder.

It is reported that President Klingman has been re-nominated for President.

The Levee seems bound to be a success, and it is in good hands. Deaf-mutes from a distance who have some doubt about attending, as they fear it might not be worth the trouble, will make a great mistake in not coming.

Probably the wording of the ticket of admission may not be quite pleasing to many deaf-mutes, and so that they may avoid mistakes and thus save trouble, we will give it as we understand it.

One ticket costing a dollar admits a gentleman and two ladies. The ticket don't include supper or the charge for minding hats and coats. If a gentleman prefers to come alone he will still have to pay one dollar, but we don't know if the Association has made provisions for an extra lady's ticket. We can't believe a gentleman would have to pay one dollar extra if he came with three ladies. Will the chairman of the committee please explain the above.

Services were held in the Eastern District of Brooklyn last Sunday by Dr. Gallaudet.

The C. L. U. meeting on Wednesday showed that the course is not as calm and pleasant as a summer's dream. Some trouble has arisen among certain members, and it is decided to lay the matter before the society at the next meeting.

The fund is steadily increasing, and has already exceeded the Chairman's sanguine expectations. The presentation will take place next Sunday, and we understand a great many deaf-mutes have been invited to attend.

The address on that occasion will be delivered by President John F. O'Brien. Mr. W. S. Pownall, the treasurer, has copied the address on Vellan in different colors. As yet, we have not seen it, but it is understood that it will be a beautiful work of art, and one of Mr. Pownall's best efforts.

Alderman James Russell, of Harlem, received a very lively New Year's present in the shape of a bouncing boy. Weight not taken.

Mr. McNally, of New York, visited William Temple, who is laid up at Bellevue, recently, and reports that the jolly type-slinger will soon be out.

It is reported that Mr. G. L. Reynolds contemplates matrimony. George tried to keep it "mum," but in an unlucky moment he let it out. Name of the fair one—unknown.

The quick work of the New York Fire Department is doubtless well-known to deaf-mutes. It can't be beat and never will. The time made was still thought too slow, and the troubles lie in the fact that firemen must sleep and that they sleep upstairs. It takes some time to descend a long flight of stairs and the trouble was the time wasted, but this is a thing of the past. The latest is a hole in the floor through which is run a brass rod. One end is firmly fastened to the floor of the lower room and the other end is fastened to the ceiling of the upper room. There are three or four of these holes. They are large enough to let a man slide through. When an alarm is sounded, the firemen have only to slide down these poles and they are in their places as quick as a wink. We saw them do it once, and the sight presented was like that of a streak of blue and red lightning descending through the roof. New York can't be beat.

New York deaf-mutes doubtless know Hudnut's thermometer which is in a three-cornered box next door to the Herald office. Well, that thermometer has ceased to exist. Late last Sunday night, while trying to keep pace with the weather, it broke a blood vessel and the glory of Gotham is no more. It was the pride of New York. New York deaf-mutes after one glance at it were willing to stake anything against it as to its correctness.

There is a deaf-mute employed in the engine room of the Brooklyn Grand Opera House, and it is said he is a first-class workman.

The deaf-mutes of New York who went to the "Hub" to attend the recent entertainment are all back, and report having had a jolly time.

Alex. Desendorf has joined the Twilight Club, of Brooklyn, and is the leading candidate for President in the coming election.

Jas. D. Shelton, James P. Donohue, W. Slattery and John F. O'Brien, with several deaf-mute ladies, attended a christening recently, and report having a good time.

A deaf-mute named Campbell, who recently came from the old country, is employed as a compositor in the Barr Printing House on Jacob St., New York City, and is said to be a first-class workman.

DRIFTWOOD.

"Reader, in thy daily rambles, Didst thou ever chance to see Driftwood, on a little streamlet, Drifting onward to the sea?"

"Hast thou watched it whirl and eddy— Now held fast, now floating free, Now in rapids, now still water, Daily going towards the sea?"

"Hast thou thought that we are driftwood— Driftwood floating to the sea, Driftwood floating on life's current, To the ocean called to Be."

"Oft we're stranded in the narrow Of success. No chance we see, As we cast our eyes about us Seeking means to make us free."

"But, anon, the river rises, Some good fortune sets us free; And, perhaps we join another, Who is floating to the sea."

"Then we find in smoothest water, For a time, but cannot flee From the squalls, which all encounter Who floats doubly to the sea."

"Some will find the water turbid, Few from care will find it free Till they grasp the long-sought phantom, On the wide and open sea."

"While we're floating let's endeavor Each to help each on in glee, Buoy each other o'er the ripples, Till we anchor in the sea."

X X X

Philadelphia Chronicle.

Christmas came bringing with it its sorrows and joy in the good old fashioned way. Many, however, will look back on it with joyful recollections.

Principal Foster has been in ill health since before the Holidays. Oh! how we wish that we could have shared the joys of those days with him.

Masquerading was no more indulged in on the eve of Christmas, but Santa Claus did not forget to pay us a joyous visit. Monday was the day on which Christmas was observed here. The gifts received by the pupils were numerous and some costly.

The day closed in the evening with a Magic Exhibition by a Mr. Thompson, of England. Wasn't it too bad that we sharp fellows could see through many of his tricks.

Going to the Literary Entertainment at the Y. M. C. A. was the next enjoyment. The two advanced classes were the lucky ones on whom this favor was bestowed.

Following the above was a surprise. Oranges, bananas and cakes and ice-cream were given us to our no little surprise.

To make us enjoy the Holidays to a further extent, a foot-ball was presented us. Unfortunately the sharp pointed iron picket fence surrounding the yard forced us to preserve it until the Park is free from mud.

New Year's Day, or rather the "Day for forming Resolutions," passed pleasantly. A magic lantern exhibition was our evening enjoyment.

The pupils are no longer allowed to wear their own suits, either in or out of the institution. All are compelled to wear uniforms.

"Life" the Philadelphia illustrated paper lately started, has gone to sleep for a while or perhaps never to awake again.

Preparing for St. Valentine's day will soon be the go—thinking what kind to send, and to whom to send it. Look out, boys, decide well and you'll be lucky.

FANWOOD.

Taffy from the New York School.

CARAMELS FOR EVERY ONE.

Cream Chocolate for Those Who Like it.

(From our New York Correspondent.)

Mr. Howard Goodsir, for over a year connected with the Institution in the capacity of supervisor, and for the past six months or so filling the position of night watchman, bade good bye to the School Monday last. We understand he has obtained employment in the city.

Mrs. Lillian D. Berryhill, who succeeded Miss Butler as matron of the Hospital Department, a couple of months ago, resigned last week. Miss Rhoades, matron of the Seamstress Department takes her place for the present.

Mr. Clarke, brother of Prof. F. D. Clarke, some years ago a teacher here, visited us last week. He is a lawyer, and Senator for Newberne, N. C.

A Mr. Scannel, a graduate of the 50th Street Institution, visited the School Thursday last. He took great pains to impress upon the minds of the pupils that he had been out of employment for a considerable length of time and that he had no money. Some of the boys were not proof against this appeal, and immediately started a subscription in his behalf. While commending the boys for their generosity, we nevertheless think it was ill-timed. Mr. Scannel is a strong, able-bodied man, in the prime of life and capable of obtaining employment inside of a week if he felt so disposed. The blossoms on his nose and the blotches on his cheeks must have required a considerable sum of money to bring to such a state of perfection as they are, and this money, properly expended, would have found him in comfortable circumstances to-day. We do not seek to discourage the charitable impulses of the boys, but a little judicious inquiry in regard to the habits and worthiness of such subjects would materially decrease our large number of deaf-mutes tramps.

The young lady members of the High Class were in attendance at the lecture by R. E. Wood, Esq., on "The Adirondacks," in the Washington Heights Methodist Episcopal Church, last Thursday evening. Dr. Peet interpreted. Several of the officers were present.

A mock marriage, for the benefit of the pupils of Prof. Gamage's class was performed by Dr. Peet last Thursday. Prof. Gamage acted as groom and Miss Toles as bride. The affair was gone through with great solemnity and produced a deep impression on the minds of the youthful spectators. The idea was to confer the right meaning of the word "marriage," and is but a sample of the many ways devised by Dr. Peet for the instruction of his pupils.

The boys have enjoyed good coasting for the past week. It is healthful sport and they appreciate it. But one accident has occurred thus far. Dennis Sullivan undertook to show what he knew about coasting, and brought up in a heap at the bottom of the hill. He now sports a quarter of a yard of linen around his head.

The customary monthly sociable of the pupils was held last Saturday evening. The reunions of to-day differ in many respects from those of former years. New games have been introduced in which nearly the whole of the pupils participate. Two years ago, there were at least fifty wall-flowers ranged stiffly and starchy around the room on every occasion. Saturday we were unable to find one. The pupils are beginning to appreciate the numerous plans devised for their enjoyment, and enter heartily into the various amusements.

Tug-of-war is the principal in-door amusement of the boys during the wet weather. Some ten or twelve of the large, stalwart fellows will range themselves on a side, and each clasping the one before him around the middle, will pull and tug with an utter disregard for busted vest buttons. Occasionally, the boys who work in the printing office pit themselves against the "peg whackers," and a stubborn contest is the result. The types invariably come out on top of the heap, for what they lack in strength they make up in skill, and without skill the strongest are susceptible to defeat. And it may not be out of place here to mention that the boys who sling type are the leaders of the school, not only in the class room but in all out-door sports. For many years the shoemakers carried off all the honors, but they have had their day, it appears.

Khrone, the famous pedestrian, passed the Institution on foot on his way to the city last Wednesday evening. What a narrow escape he had. If the boys had caught a glimpse of him, the poor six foot object of humanity would have been surrounded by a foreign language in no time.

Hero worship is a prominent characteristic of deaf-mutes, and what can compare with a six days go-as-you-please pedestrian in the eyes of a Fanwood youth.

The position of night watchman, vacated by Mr. Goodsir, has been filled by a Mr. Bennett, brother of supervisor Bennett.

Mr. John Palmer, a graduate of the High Class of '72, called Sunday last. He is an engraver on stone in a prominent New York City engraving establishment. He was the first pupil ever elected President of the Fanwood Literary Association.

We are sorry for Michael McPaul. While at school he gave promise of becoming something better from what he is at present. We hope he will forsake his evil associates, who are slowly but surely dragging him down to their own degraded level, and become a respectable member of society. He is intelligent, strong and prepossessing in appearance, and could easily procure work had he the inclination. Michael, turn over a new leaf, and make glad the hearts of your old friends.

J. F. O'Brien, J. F. Donnelly, J. P. Donohue and J. D. Shelton, put in their appearance here about six o'clock Sunday afternoon last. They attended service in the chapel till eight o'clock, then repaired to the High Class apartment and reviewed old times till half-past nine. Each are earning a comfortable livelihood and are representative of the best of the class.

Prof. Jones' face is less benignant than customary. Cause—while in the city last Saturday.

Some Russian, Turk, or Zulu thief, Some dirty robber—to be brief—Hooked his golden timepiece.

We deeply sympathize with Mr. Jones. We once had a bunch of hair pins stolen and know how it feels. Joking aside, the watch was a present from his father and prized very highly accordingly. He notified the police captain of the precinct in which it was purloined, but as he did not know the maker's name nor the number, no hope of recovering it was given him.

Mr. Ladew, Dr. Porter's brother-in-law, visited us Monday, the 23d.

GRACE H.

PUNCTUALITY.

The lack of punctuality often puts persons to serious inconvenience. Life is short at the best, and every moment is precious and should be turned to account, and hence no one has any time to lose. If a man makes an appointment with another and the latter fails to keep the engagement, if the former waits for him, he may put some other person to inconvenience and the latter some one else, and the fault of one man may cause trouble to several others. It is very trying to the temper to have to wait for a person who has the habit of being dilatory—expecting him to put in an appearance every moment and being disappointed.

"Procrastination is the thief of time" is an old proverb which still holds good: for not keeping engagements is really stealing the time of another person, and there is very little excuse ordinarily for doing so. No one is obliged to make an engagement which he is sure he cannot fulfill. If he knows his time will be occupied and that it will be impossible for him to be on hand at the appointed time, he should say so. A great many hesitate to do so for fear that they will be considered disobliging. They will promise almost anything in order to be thought good-natured, obliging men, but when the time for fulfilling their promise arrives they find it utterly out of their power to keep their pledges. It may sound harsh to call such conduct lying, but it is really nothing else in most cases.

Ladies are sometimes very unpunctual. They know their influence (which is and ought to be great), and keep their escorts waiting with nothing to do except stare at the walls of the room in which they are left, which by the way is not the most interesting employment that could be found, while they are dressing. A lady once told me that she kept her father who was to take her to a reception waiting nearly an hour while getting ready. I pitied the unfortunate man from the very bottom of my heart, and told her that it was exceedingly fortunate for her that it was not of my opinion, for if he had been he would have let her find her way to the reception as best as she could. Of course waiting is not calculated to sweeten one's temper, and so if a lady's escort should be sulky in consequence of being kept waiting an unreasonable time, she has nobody but herself to blame for it.

Tradesmen are noted for their unpunctuality. They are almost sure that they will not be able to deliver the goods ordered at the specified time, but being afraid if they do not promise to do so they will lose a customer, they trust to luck, which very often leaves them in the lurch. Of course the customer grumbles and grows at his disappointment, but a sudden increase of orders or a mistake in making the thing ordered which makes it necessary to do the work all over again, is a very convenient excuse. Such a way of doing business may succeed for a while, but when it becomes known that such a person is ready to promise to deliver the work at a specified time but rarely does so, people will be very shy about trusting him and customers will drop off—surely, may be slowly, but assuredly sure. On the other hand, a man who only accepts work which he is sure so he can deliver on time and does it, is always respected and always has plenty of work.

CYRIL CADWALLADER.

GLAMORGAN DEAF AND DUMB MISSION.

Proposed Ordination of the Missionary

A DEAF AND DUMB INSTITUTION AT CARDIFF, WALES

The annual New Year's tea to the deaf and dumb was this year kindly given by the Mayor (Mr. A. Thomas), at the Anchor Coffee Tavern, Custom House-street. The Mayor presided, and among other friends of the mission present were the Revs. C. J. Thompson (vicar of St. John's), A. J. Holme Russell, N. Thomas, and A. Tilly, Messrs R. Cory, Jan., F. S. Johnstone (editor of *South Wales Daily News*) and Mrs. Johnstone, W. Jones (Duke-street), J. H. W. Cole, R. Benjamin, E. Frost (Newport), Mrs. M. Evans, and Mr. and Mrs. Lewis. There were upwards of twenty deaf-mutes present. Tea having been partaken of, the Vicar said grace.

The Chairman said he was very happy to be present with the deaf and dumb, who were, he was glad to say, a small, select company. He felt when he beheld those poor people, deprived of hearing, yet with their other senses quickened thereby, a lively sense of God's mercy. The deaf and dumb could not hear him, but all the same he wished them and all present a happy New Year, and hoped that God would grant prosperity and means to enjoy it.

His Worship was compelled to leave early to fulfill another engagement.

Mr. R. Cory, who then took the chair, proposed, and the Rev. A. Tilly seconded a vote of thanks to the Mayor for his kindness to the deaf and dumb, which was heartily accorded.

The Chairman said he did not know any more philanthropic and Christian object than coming there amongst the deaf and dumb, among whom he had been for years; and the more he saw of the mission, the more his sympathy towards it was drawn out. The deaf and dumb were indeed to be pitied. They could not hear the gospel by ear, but by the aid of the sign language they were able to understand it, and it had been the power of salvation to them. As the treasurer of the mission he felt great pleasure in being present, and was also pleased to see other gentlemen present to speak. He was especially glad to perceive the good feeling between the Llandaff Deaf and Dumb School and the mission.

Mr. F. S. Johnstone said it was not the first time he had met Mr. Rowland, or taken part in his work. Twelve years ago he became acquainted with Mr. Rowland, who astonished him by the number of deaf and dumb who were found in Merthyr, and greatly pleased him by the interesting work going on among them. He had been present at the meetings in Merthyr, and was much struck by the great attention paid by the deaf and dumb, and the great devotion of Mr. Rowland to his people. He was astonished at his own ignorance on the subject; that he had lived so long, and been so long in Merthyr, and yet that it had never occurred to him that there were people who could not be benefited by attendance at the ordinary places of worship. Previous to Mr. Rowland coming to Merthyr, as far as he knew, no one was interested in that town in the spiritual welfare of the deaf and dumb. This led him to take a deep interest in the mission, and thus alone for his own neglect. Mr. Rowland's church was separated from other churches, not by denominational views, doctrinal discipline, or church polity, but by infirmity alone. Unity and union were matters of course with them. They were not divided into sects, but were one congregation, brought together in one fellowship. That led him to a suggestion. The deaf and dumb who constituted Mr. Rowland's flock were debarred from some privileges to which members of other churches had free access. Mr. Rowland, the missionary, was not an ordained minister, though he preached to them, visited them, and comforted them in sorrow and distress. He did not know whether the subject would be agreeable to all present, but he suggested the desirableness of having Mr. Rowland ordained minister over his people, which he had reason to know was a very natural desire on the part of the deaf and dumb. Mr. Rowland was their minister, but not being ordained, occasionally he could not undertake certain duties, which had to be performed by some one else. At baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and especially at the Communion service, the services of an ordained minister had to be called into requisition. In recommending that steps be taken for the ordination of Mr. Rowland he had the sympathy of the deaf and dumb. He threw it out as a suggestion, as a step the committee might take up, so that Mr. Rowland might be enabled to do everything he could for his people. If this were done it would be in the highest degree gratifying to Mr. Rowland, who devoted all his energy, soul, and body to their spiritual good. He hoped the suggestion he had made would be carried in-

to effect. They were indebted to the Mayor for giving them the opportunity of meeting at the social table, showing thereby they were one flesh and blood; and he heartily hoped that the deaf and dumb would shortly enjoy the privileges of hearing people and have their own minister.

The Chairman said Mr. Johnstone's suggestion would be taken up. He would personally consult Mr. Rowland, and learn his views. There could be no more faithful minister than their missionary. He had known him many years, and could testify to his merits.

Mr. Bryant then read two addresses written by Mr. Rowland—one to his flock, the other addressed to the Mayor. In the latter he gave a brief resume of his work since the starting of the mission in 1869.

The Rev. C. J. Thompson said, though it was the first time he had been present among the friends of the mission, yet he was no stranger to the deaf and dumb. He often went to Llandoff School, and had taken great interest in that institution for many years. The work done in the school and by the mission was of the noblest kind, in which any community of Christian people could assist. It called for self-denial, purity of devotion, and singleness of mind. These he believed were evinced in the ministrations of Mr. Rowland to the deaf and dumb. Mr. Rowland often came to him at the Vicarage, and he was glad to say, generally went away with a smiling face. He was not very well acquainted with the exact nature of the work which Mr. Johnstone had had so happily explained, but he could commend all Mr. Johnstone had said with regard to the ordination of Mr. Rowland. It was just the one thing needed. Anything that could stamp the mission with greater claims to receive consideration at the hands of all Christian people met with his entire approval. The late Vicar of St. John's held the same opinion, and had been a good friend to the mission. The Vicar of Llandoff was also a regular subscriber, and told him (the speaker) that Mr. Rowland was worthy of all the help and assistance he could give. He (the vicar) came there to express his personal interest in the work, and hoped it would not be the last time he came to have tea with them.

Mr. W. Jones (Duke-street), after a warm tribute to the work carried on by Mr. Rowland, and giving instances of his generosity to deaf and dumb people in distress, suggested that the committee should raise his salary to such an amount as would enable him to insure his life. Mr. Rowland was not a strong man, and out of his salary could not make provision for his family, if he were taken from them. The Chairman endorsed Mr. Jones' suggestion, and said that if the committee could see their way clear at their next meeting the subject should be dealt with.

The Rev. A. Tilly said the meeting had been a very practical turn; every speaker making interesting suggestions. He very cordially supported that thrown out by Mr. Johnstone. He had always looked upon Mr. Rowland as a minister, and was not aware that he had any diffidence about taking upon himself the duties which had been specially referred to. He would like to see the deaf and dumb as one congregation, with Rowland as the pastor. He thought it would be a good advantage also to have a building specially for their use, both for Sabbath worship and week-day fellowship. It would be well if Mr. Rowland's own dwelling were in the same building, in order that the deaf and dumb coming to Cardiff might easily find him. This would attract the deaf and dumb to Cardiff, which he thought it an honor to the town that it had paid special attention to the deaf and dumb. He supported Mr. Jones' suggestion as to the insurance of Mr. Rowland's life.

The Rev. A. J. H. Russell having made a few remarks, expressing his great sympathy with the mission, the Doxology was sung, and after a vote of thanks to the chairman the meeting closed.—*South Wales Daily News*, Jan. 3.

[Mr. Rowland is a deaf-mute graduate of Mr. Melville's School at Llandaff Wales. Mr. Widd, of Montreal, was also partly taught by Mr. Melville when a teacher at the Yorkshire Institution. Mr. Rowland was in London in 1866 with W. Widd, and they then decided to devote their lives to the welfare of their afflicted brethren. Mr. Rowland directed his steps towards his native hills in Wales, and W. Widd crossed the Atlantic and found a field of labor open for him in Canada, and is now principal of the Mackay Institution in Montreal. Mr. Rowland will no doubt soon be ordained, and he will then be the first deaf-mute thus honored in England. There are few more disinterested and faithful friends of deaf-mutes than Mr. Rowland, and all who know him will rejoice at the prosperity of his Mission.]

"How many carriages will you want to haul the grief" is the way the undertakers put it in Deadwood.

An old negro cook says: "Jass is powerful good in every thing but children. Day needs some other kind of dressing."

A matter of more than ordinary interest—your note bearing twelve percent.

The man who was "spell bound" obtained relief by consulting the dictionary.

DEAF WISDOM

Gems of Thought for the Silent.

WAYS FOR THE THOUGHTLESS.

Read, Ponder, and Strive to Improve.

BY TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

No mute can go into bad company without suffering for it. The homely old proverb has it very tersely: "A man cannot bite the bottom out of a frying pan without smutting his nose."

The mute who calls in the aid of an equal understanding doubles his own, and he who profits by a superior understanding raises his own powers to a level with the height of the superior understanding he unites with.

Intelligence without sympathy is good for nothing, because it makes a mute so hard. Sympathy without intelligence is good for nothing, because it makes him so soft.

Deaf-mute, never fear that damaging reports will alienate a true friend. Your grief will be his grief—your sorrow his sorrow. Any other kind of a friend is not worth a row of pins. Let him go.

The mute who attacks you strengthens your nerves and sharpens your skill. Your antagonist is your helper. The mute who sows thorns should not go barefoot.

The less a mute thinks the more he talks.

A wise mute ought to hope for the best, be prepared for the worst, and bear with equanimity whatever may happen.

Justice consists in doing no injury to a mute; decency, in giving him no offense.

If deaf-mutes desire to make pleasures pleasant, they must shorten them.

A mute has the power to make himself what he pleases. A fretful disposition takes the fragrance out of a mute's life.

No grander thing can a mute do than give a helping hand to a younger one who has been discouraged.

Not that which mutes do worthily, but that which they do successfully, is that which history makes haste to record.

There are mutes who have so little of earnest ambition in their lives, that we are forced to the conclusion that they were born for the purpose of digestion.

What is the first business of the mute who studies philosophy? To part with self-conceit. For it is impossible for any one to begin to learn what he thinks he already knows.

Deaf-mutes should never get too stiff for their business. Whether they run a wheelbarrow or a bank, it is necessary to bend a little.

A mute's true wealth is the good he does in the world to his fellow men.

The influence of a deaf-mute is measured and expressed by his example. He can lead others no farther than he can go himself.

Restlessness and discontent mark the lives of too many deaf-mutes.

No mute can succeed in all his undertakings, and it would not be well for him to do so. Things easily acquired go easily. It is by the struggle it costs to obtain that we learn to rightly estimate the value.

TERWILLIGER FITZPATRICK, ESQ.

Syracuse.

DEAR EDITOR:—The Christmas and New Year days passed off as usual with very few innovations which have already been noticed. Such a gathering was had at the residence of E. P. Wood, of Syracuse. A beautiful supper such as Mrs. Wood knows how to provide, was partaken of by Mrs. A. Avery, of Mexico, Miss Annie Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. J. E. Doran, Messrs. Miles and Nye Brown, and the evening entertainment was concluded at a late hour the company separating with an increased feeling of good will.

Mr. and Mrs. Wood looked forward to the return from Mt. Holyoke Seminary, in Massachusetts, of their nieces Lizzie and Dell Miller, who remained with their parents during the holidays. They have returned to the Seminary to complete the year. We trust that all these happenings was added to their well-deserved happiness.

Mr. Wood and wife went to Rochester with two of their boys to spend Christmas. After three days, they returned home, having had a good time.

There were services for deaf-mutes in Calvary Church here last Friday evening, interpreted by Rev. Mr. Berry, formerly of Troy, N. Y. Almost all the mutes of this city attended it. Rev. Mr. Berry is stopping at the Windsor House, where Messrs. Nye Brown and C. S. Doane are now boarding. We learn that Bishop Huntington has given him a place in Manlius, N. Y., to live and preach for the future.

OXON.

WATCHES and JEWELRY.

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Would respectfully invite the attention of friends and the public to a very large and

CHOICE ASSORTMENT OF

FINE WATCHES,

IN EVERY VARIETY OF

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GOLD, 14k, 16k, 18k.

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SILVER-PLATED WARE, FORKS AND SPOONS At 25 per cent. discount from Manufacturers rates.

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Heavy Silver Thimbles, 35 cents.

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TAKEN IN EXCHANGE.

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\$30 IN PRIZES.

These terms are open to subscribers only.

For every NEW SUBSCRIBER we offer a commission of 25 cents. Send us \$1.25 and keep the 25 cents. Do not wait until you get several subscriptions, but send the money at once. Write the name and address very plainly.

Besides this liberal commission, we give \$30 in prizes to the subscribers who send the largest lists of NEW SUBSCRIBERS before March 1, 1882, as follows:

For the 1st largest list - \$15.00
" " 2d " " - 10.00
" " 3d " " - 5.00

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Those wishing to complete for the prizes, must head their letters "PRIZE COMPETITION."

Cash must accompany the names. The names must be names of New subscribers.

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Changing the name of one member of the family for that of another will not be entered as new.

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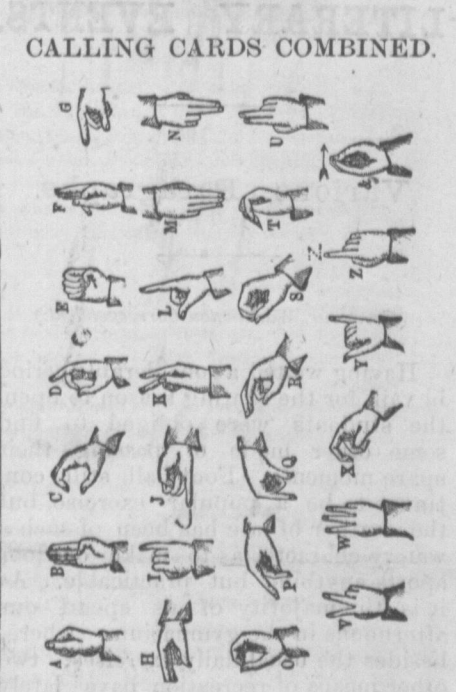
EX-SOLDIERS

and their HEIRS should all send for a sample copy of that wonderful paper, the *World and Soldier*, published at Washington, D. C. It contains Stories of the War, Camp Life, Scenes from the Battle-field, and a thousand things of interest to our country's defenders. It is the greatest soldiers' paper. It contains all the Laws and Instructions relating to Pensions and Bonuses for soldiers and their heirs. Every ex-soldier should enroll his name under the *World and Soldier* banner at once. Eight page, forty columns, weekly, \$1 a year. Sample free. Address: *World and Soldier*, Box 588, Washington, D. C.

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